JOHN BULL, MAY 13, 1933

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LIII.
1404.

GANG THAT BLEEDS THE WORLD SEE PAGES 20 AND 21

JOHN BULL

There is nothing like this new tin *of* Bird's Custard

BIRD'S HERMETIC SEALING
BIRD'S FLAVOUR and PURITY SEALED IN
QUANTITY MEASURE INSIDE LID
PATENT APPLIED FOR
CUT ALONG THIS LINE WITH TABLE KNIFE
Something to sing about!
To make Bird's Custard to perfectio
implicitly follow directions. If
refer the Custard st
se only ¾ pt of Mil
wo level measur

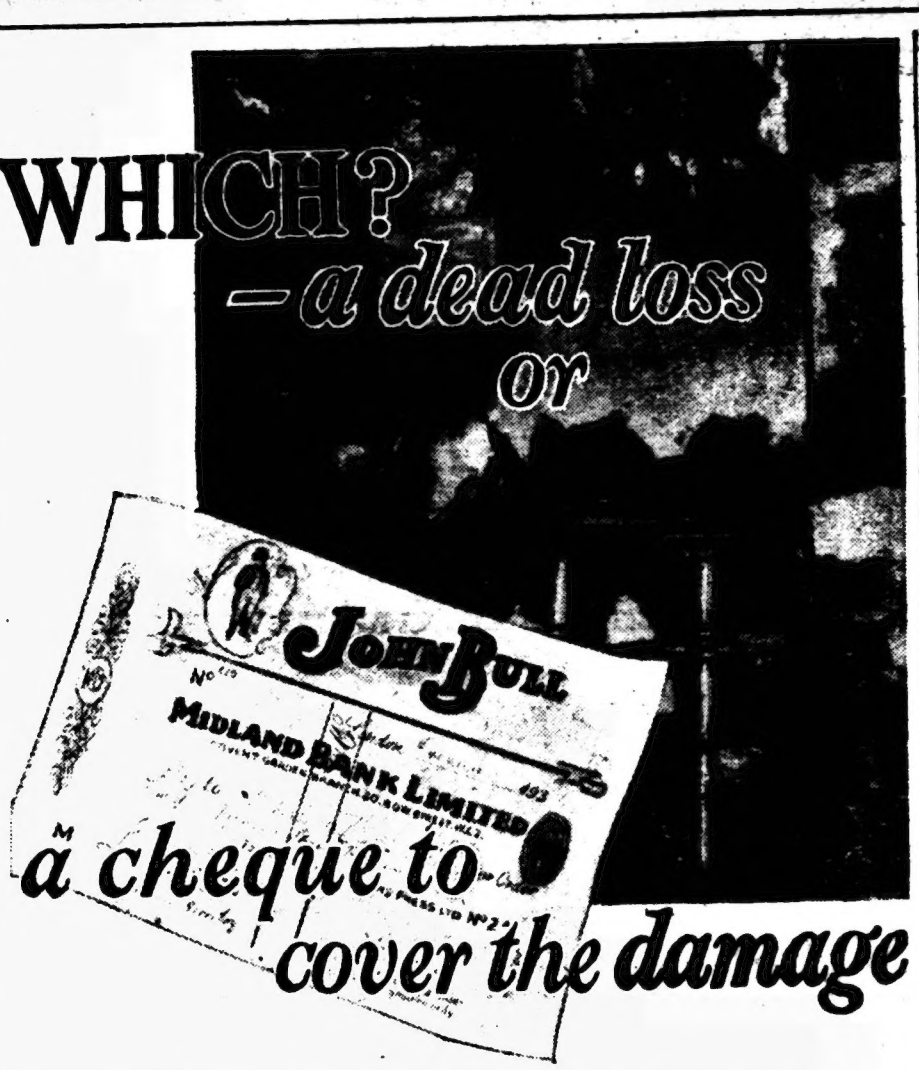
Modern to the minute, the new Family Tin of Bird's Custard Powder is one of the finest examples of hygienic food packing. We apply the latest scientific knowledge and we use the finest ingredients in the world to produce Bird's Custard. It is laboratory tested at every stage to make sure that its rich creaming qualities and wonderful flavor reach the highest standard. Now, with this hermetic sealing, with this exact quantity measure, this scientific care sees Bird's Custard right through to your kitchen.

There is no Custard like Bird's Custard! No tin like Bird's family tin. Buy one to-day.

The Quality Advantage also applies to —
BIRD'S Blanc-Mange.
BIRD'S "Spongie."
BIRD'S "Puddena."
BIRD'S Crystal Jelly.
BIRD'S Jelly Tablets.
BIRD'S Lemonade, etc.

"If it's Bird's, it's best."

BIRD'S OF BIRMINGHAM, MAKERS OF PURE CUSTARD.



FURNITURE wrecked and charred; precious possessions eaten up by the flames; stark desolation everywhere . . . imagine *your* home gutted like this. A spark from the grate; a cigarette-end carelessly dropped; clothes left too near the fire—it requires so very little to start a conflagration. How do *you* stand in case of fire? Would you be faced with a dead loss or have you taken the precaution to register for JOHN BULL'S Great Free Insurance, which covers the contents of your home against Fire up to £1,000.

A HAPPY THOUGHT

A Dundee reader and his wife were lamenting that they had not insured against Fire when they suddenly remembered that they had signed the registration forms for JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance—the *only* Free Insurance to cover the home against Fire.

Sign the Registration Forms *now* if you have not already done so. Delay is dangerous!

AGAINST FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT
"JOHN BULL" COVERS YOU FREE!

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 13/5/33

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address..... of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.** J.B. 13/5/33

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9** plus 3d., postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

RUGS GIVEN AWAY! This Phenomenal Offer is made by "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/6, carriage 1/- etc., we will forward Direct from our looms one of our "Presidential" Remarkable REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining & Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered, in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, Blues, Browns, Rose, and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every carpet we absolutely give away a handsome rug to match. *Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free:*
F. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.), Woodsley Rd., Leeds.

TRUSSES ABOLISHED

The Great British RUPTURE Treatment supported by the MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Send for Free Booklet of the most wonderful appliance for relief from Rupture. Not a truss, but a neat, washable little belt with a pad you inflate in a second to the pressure required. Adjusted in a moment. Cannot slip out of place. So light and comfortable that you will not know you have it on. It holds the Hernia firmly so that in nearly every case the broken tissues reunite, and the rupture is conquered for ever. Doctors everywhere recommend it and "The Lancet" has endorsed it. Write now to:—
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Dept. 208J, 26, Charing Cross Rd., London.

I AM THE largest direct supplier of the finest **COVENTRY BUILT** Cycles and sell **POUNDS CHEAPER** by cutting out Agents' profits. Thousands of 1933 models at cut prices. Carriage Paid. An **ELECTRIC LAMP, BELL, CARRIER, & REFLECTOR, FREE.** *SEND A POSTCARD FOR FREE LIST.*
O'Brien, of COVENTRY

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The College which gives real help is The Bennett College. Tuition by post on all branches of Engineering, Civil, Electrical, Mechanical, Motor and all examinations, Accountancy, Secretarial, Civil Service, Police, Commercial Art, etc. We specialise in all Institute examinations.
Write to us on any subject. Our advice on all careers, and the possibilities of employment therein Free. You will be under no obligation whatever.
THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., Dept. 98, SHEFFIELD.

ELLIS'S BUNGALOW HOMES

Ellis's Bungalows are designed for comfort and to last. Suitable for a week-end retreat or a home of your own. Easy Terms. Garden Plots from 22/6. Motor Garages from 35/6 Greenhouses from 30/-. Free Catalogues. State building required. E. ELLIS & CO., Drill Wharf, Gainsborough Road, Hackney wick, E.9.

B.M.150 2 Rooms from £65. Carr. Paid.

CATARRH COLD IN THE HEAD AND SPRING COLDS.

Search the world over and you will never find a finer remedy than this, even at very much higher prices.

Cold or Catarrh is often the first stage of Bronchitis, Cold on the Chest, Pneumonia, Chronic Cough, Tonsilitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Ear, Chest and Lung Diseases. The **Shadforth Triplex Catarrh Treatment (No. 331/T)** acts like a charm. Considering its efficacy and how often it will save a man being off work for days and weeks, the cost of this world-famed and reliable remedy is very small. Recommended by Specialists the world over. Price: 2/9, 4/6 and 8/6.

Privately packed and post free at these prices from
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32 SUTCLIFFE

DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections, easily the best value! Carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra.

SMALL STORE SHEDS

Long	Wide	High	Cash or 12
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	41/1
7ft.	6ft.	6ft.	£2/8/
10ft.	7ft.	6ft.	£3/1

Send for free PORTABLE BUILDING CATALOG 120 pages. Most beautiful illustrations, Sheds, Pavilio Greenhouses, Garages, Summer Houses, Workshops, F. & H. SUTCLIFFE LTD., 82, Wood Top, Hebden Bridge. London Showrooms—40-42, Oxford S

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Do you possess your Lucky Birthsto not, you should write to us at once will send you one **ABSOLUTELY FREE OF ALL C** These beautiful, large, scintillating exceptional in appearance and will envy of all your friends. Write to-day full date of birth and enclose 3d. in to cover postage and packing.
THE KASHMIR JEWEL CO.
(Dept. J.B.) India Pavilion, W

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Newsagents, Tobacconists, Stationers, Cafes, Hotels, Libraries, Confectioners, Estate Agents, etc., can make two to three pounds per month with

THE CONSTANT DAY AND NIGHT ADVERTISER

Attractive Small-ad. Cabinet, illuminated by night. Centre mirror alone earns 5 gns. yearly. Sizes for all spaces. No extras, fixed complete British Patent No. 29371. *Write for Description Booklet, FREE.*

3/8 PER WEEK 12 Monthly Instalments

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1,000 ONLY TO AT HALF

These extra stout tough as hide and of wear. Strongly extra stout soles and strong canvas The most comfor ever produced!

Per pair Worth 21

WELLINGTONS also 3 to 12, per pair 7 **A.E. GROTTON STORES, Dupps Hill La**

FOR A VELVET SH

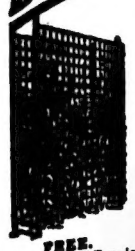
THE RELIABLE **1d** BLA
SOLD ONLY AT **WOOLWORT**

1933 Li Catalog

Catesbys have n their Cork Lino that the Lino bargain than ev at once for t reduced price big book of
FLOOR COV
Lino, Carpets and Rugs all in Our new Floor Covering Cat masterpiece of beautiful colour printing. Sp 24 yds. by 3 yds., 39/6. Easy Terms: 4 - W Other sizes at proportionate cost. Mention this
CATESBYS Ltd., LONDO

Better than sticks!

Grow PEAS and Beans on Netting.



Cheaper, Neater and Quicker

Strain tested Hemp Netting, 3 in. all-square mesh, cut any length. Sets exact size. Lasts for years.

7½ ches a 36/-. run

Prices per dozen yards :—

3 ft.	4½ ft.	6 ft.	9 ft. high.
1/6	2/-	3/6	5/6

Extra heavy Cotton, 6 in. mesh, steam-tarred. The very best.

3/-	4/6	5/-	7/6

Orders over 10/- carriage paid. On 10/- and under add 6d.

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FREE, Bargain List of Tennis, Boundary, Cricket Nets, etc.

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ALL ROUND VALUE

A SQUARE GUARANTEE

FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 27.

2 WEEKS ONLY!

SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK

3 White Weekly Handkerchiefs	22×22
3 Good Strong Sheets	90×70
3 White Pillow Slips	30×18
1 White Bolster Case	36×20
1 Art Printed Bedspread	
3 Coloured Turkish Towels	
1 Art. Silk Brocade and Circlet Cushion Cover	18×18
6 Dainty Handkerchiefs	
2 Chamois Polishers	

CASH FREE. **20/-** CASH or C.O.D.

A LOVELY WASHED DOWN

QUILT FREE

also, if cash with order, Free Damask Table Cloth.

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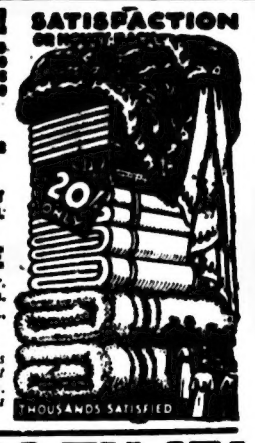

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ALL SHAPES AND SIZES — ALWAYS ON VIEW

A NOVICE CAN ERECT. PLANS FREE. Satisfaction.

Easy Terms.

Metal Windows.			
Bungalows ...	£52.10.0	Recreation R'ms	£26. 9.0
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List of all kinds of Portable Buildings Free.

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90 Sq. Feet **15/-** Carriage paid Bracket & Valve extra. Cash or C.O.D.

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"It is in perfect condition and gives every satisfaction." E.M., Gosport. Letters like these arrive by every post because Luxoleum cannot fail to give satisfaction. It's damp and rot proof and in patterns suitable for any floor and it's unscratchable for stair-covering. You get BIG value at SMALL price. Write NOW for range of free samples.

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5,000 STARTLING money-saving Watch and Jewel bargains all H. Samuel's Big

FREE BOOK!

Send postcard to the Factory now! Handsome FREE PRIZES. Any article S. G. B. This fine Nickelled Wrist Watch, tested timekeeper, is typical of the wonderful value offered! Lady's or Gent's size.

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Enjoy the delights of snapping your friends and holiday scenes while you pay for this most attractive and reliable of all low priced Folding Pocket Cameras. Aluminium body covered with leather cloth. Complete with portrait attachment. Fitted with fast meniscus lens, time and instantaneous shutter and brilliant reversible viewfinder, 9 ft. and infinity catch. Fits all films size 3¼ x 2¼. In carrying case with shoulder strap and 1 roll of films. 4/- down and 8 weekly payments of 2/-. Also No. 2 Box Brownie (3¼ x 2¼ snaps) and 1 roll film for 2/6 down and 6 weekly payments of 2/-.

YOURS FOR 4/- DOWN

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MODERN SHORT LENGTHS, or USUAL LONG-CLOTHES **30/-**

Guaranteed as sold for 50/-

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75 beautiful garments (for Summer or Winter Baby), Silk and Wool Shawl, Bath Robes, Lawn or Winceyette Day Gowns, Cloth, Flan. or Wincey Nighties, Wrapper Vests, Hand Flannels, Hand-knitted Wool Matinee Coats, Binders, Flannels, Large Twill Napkins, etc.

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Superior Self Filling FOUNTAIN PEN GIVEN FREE with cash order! Perfectly finished with solid rubber heels, soles, and flexible rubber uppers with Patent Leather appearance. A shoe comfortable shoe does not exist. Ideal for those troubled with tender feet, corns, bunions, etc. *Get a pair to-day and know what foot comfort really is.*

And this thing for wear in the House or Garden. Sizes 3 to 7.

PER PAIR **2/6**

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T.B. CROYDON STORES, Dapper Hill Lane, CROYDON.

SPARE-TIME £ £ £'s

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THE MACHINE THAT MAKES MONEY

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MACHINE ONLY 45/-

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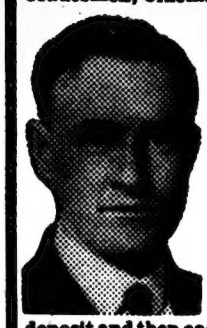

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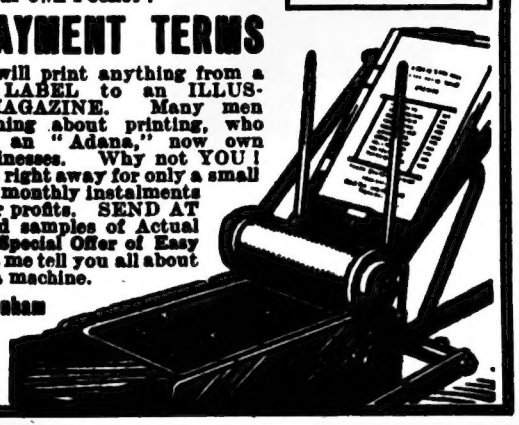

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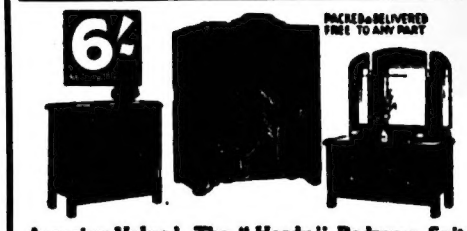

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Also Newcastle-on-Tyne and Stockton-on-Tees.

STILL LEADING IN PRICE AND QUALITY

DON'T PAY MORE

Smart Weather-Resisting Shoes, with uppers of exact appearance of imitation grained leather. Stout rubber soles, *guaranteed* ¼ in. thick, to give amazingly long wear. Solid rubber heels. Wide welts. Full protection guaranteed against rain. Seamless lining for comfort. Black or Brown. Men's sizes 6 to 11.

Satisfaction or Money Back

2/3 Post 9d. C.O.D. ¼ preferred.

Note Actual Thickness of Sole

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The Widest Choice at the Lowest Price

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PAVILIONS from £5
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3-piece SUITE in REAL COWHIDE!

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A truly Amazing Bargain. Balance monthly

Limited number only at this give-away price. Finished rich Brown shade, fitted four loose feather-down cushions. Chairs (2) 29in. wide, 30in. deep, 30in. high. Settee 4ft. 3in. wide. Immediate application essential. Carr. paid nearest railway station.

TWO *chairs like this*

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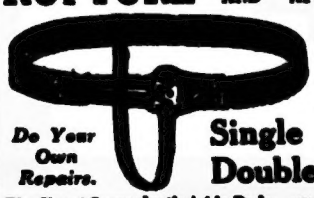
ELASTIC TRUSSES AND APPLIANCES



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Any style. No extra charge for large pads

Single **12/6**

Double **17/-**

The New 'Campolastic' Air Pads, unpuncturable. Best quality elastic Webbings and Spare Parts supplied for any kind of Elastic Truss. Money returned if not satisfied.

FREE TRUSSES for National Health insured persons. Send for Illustrated Price List and measurement form. POST FREE.

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& SECTIONAL BUILDINGS

Prices again reduced. Buy now before they rise. Carriage Paid.

GARAGES.			
10' x 7'	£4	5	6
14' x 8'	£6	4	0
HUTS.			
6' x 4'	£1	14	0
8' x 5'	£2	10	0
10' x 7'	£3	10	0

Planed Rebated Weatherboard.

DEFERRED TERMS ARRANGED.

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HERE is a chance to save "shopkeepers'" profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a

15/- Free Gift Coupon will be given to all who Write for our FREE CATALOGUE

From £3 15s. CASH OR TERMS

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THE ROAD TO PROSPERITY

The "Popular" Hiker takes the high road to prosperity by purchasing his equipment from a "Popular" Club. He knows that members get the highest values and finest service in the country and that satisfaction is guaranteed or money refunded in full.

An EXAMPLE of "POPULAR" CLUB VALUE

RUCKSACK (illustrated here), made of stout weather-proof Twill, well and strongly made, and all edges well bound with leather cloth.

PRICE **7/6** Post Free

Club agents wanted. BIG COMMISSION AND BONUS PAID. Write NOW for catalogues and full particulars.

DIRECT HOUSEHOLD SUPPLY Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.), Popular Stores, Riverside Mills, City Road, Manchester 15.

START A MAIL ORDER BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN

You can start a Mail Order Business quite simply by the "Hand" System. Invented by Charles Hand, Founder and Controller of the world-famous Mail Order House of Hand & Co., 284, High Holborn, W.C.1, who made in the first year net profits £1,720/11/2 on outlay of £14. One advertisement costing £3/10 brought in £343. Write for free folder "How to Start a Mail-order Business" to Secretary, HAND & Co., 284, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Mention J.B. and enclose 1½d. stamp.)

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TURF

QUALITY CIGARETTES

5 CERTIFICATES IN EVERY PKT. OF 20: **1/-** **2** CERTIFICATES IN EVERY PKT. OF 10: **6D**

Start saving TURF Certificates now for these stylish, well-made Sports Garments, in readiness for the coming season: or if you would prefer some other Gift *of the same outstanding value* write for enlarged TURF GIFT BOOKLET to:—

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Change to TURF and get QUALITY SMOKING plus DE LUXE GIFTS plus the FULL NUMBER of COUPONS. Made entirely from fine leaf, matured for three years in the wood, 'Turf' Cigarettes are singularly smooth and satisfying.

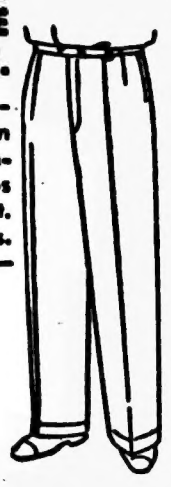
TENNIS SHIRT

Sports neck model. Made from Horrockses' mercerised cream poplin. Sizes:— Neck band 14, 14½, 15, 15½, 16 & 16½ ins. Please state neck band size required.

TURF GIFT No. 3289

ONLY 200 *Certificates*

MEN'S WHITE FLANNEL TRS.



All Wool. Soap-shrunk. Fully cut on latest West End principles. With loops for belt. Hip pocket. Permanent turn-ups. In following sizes:—

Leg.	Waists.
28 ins.	30, 32,
29 ,,	34, 36,
30 ,,	38, 40,
31 ,,	inches.
32 & 33 ins.	30, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches.

Please state waist and inside leg measurement required.

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ONLY 500 *Certificates*

MEN'S SLEEVELESS SLIPOVER

(White only)

Guaranteed all Wool. 'V' shape neck. Ribbed weave design. Please state chest measurement.

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ONLY 250 *Certificates*

MEN'S PULLOVER

(White only)

Full length sleeve. Guaranteed pure wool. 'V' shape neck. Ribbed weave design Please state chest measurement

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MENS' BELT

1¼ ins. wide. In real leather, white suede finish. Available in sizes 32ins., 34ins. 36ins., 38ins. and 40ins. Please state size required.

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ONLY 85 *Certificates*

Without Fear or Favour

JOHN BULL

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for week ending Saturday, May 13, 1933. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*
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Monstrous Scandal

He should be the first preferential creditor—but he will get nothing

TEN injured miners, some of them armless, some legless, some sightless, not long ago attended a creditors' meeting of a bankrupt colliery company at Liverpool.

Representing 120 more of their comrades, who, like themselves, had been injured and mutilated in the service of the company, they were there to press their claims as preferential creditors of the firm for accident compensation which had been awarded them.

Their claims totalled over £44,000, but after all the assets of this firm, Bromilow, Foster and Co., had been realised, and all the costs of liquidation deducted, the utmost the men could hope to receive would be 6s. 8d. in each £1 of their claims.

The case of these unfortunate men "thrown on the industrial scrap-heap like pieces of broken machinery," as an accountant described them at this meeting, is a typical instance of the everyday tragedies which are being caused by the loopholes in the clumsy and rickety Workmen's Compensation Act.

Their firm had never bothered to insure itself against accidents to its employees because there was nothing in the Act to compel it to do so.

It preferred to carry the risks itself, paying out its weekly "doles" to its injured from current earnings. Then, when hard times hit the company, it merely shut up shop and left these dependents to get what they could from the salvage of the wreck.

Bad as is this case, others still worse are constantly being brought to the notice of John Bull.

Two South Wales collieries, owned by one firm, were sold up a few months ago for £20,000. The firm had nearly 300 injured men on its books, to whom it had been paying weekly compensation. Yet it had never insured itself against accident risks.

OUT of the £20,000, about £10,000 went in expenses to the liquidator, £5,000 in wages to the men still operating the pits, and £5,000 to the royalty owners.

Not a penny was left for the 300 injured on the books. About forty of them are so injured that they will never work again. And there are also three widows, whose cases are particularly tragic. Their husbands were killed at the same time. They were in a cage which ran amok to the bottom of the pit shaft, where it sank under water and they were drowned like rats in a trap.

The following week the colliery went into liquidation, and those widows have not received, nor will they ever get, one penny in compensation. And, with their breadwinners gone, they are now faced with a lifetime of poverty.

Some idea of the extent to which this scandal has now grown can be gathered from a report, recently issued by the Home Office, on Workmen's Compensation in 1931. It revealed that between 1927 and 1931 there were 249 cases in one industry alone—the coalmining industry—of firms becoming insolvent and throwing losses on their injured workmen.

IN twenty instances there was a complete loss of compensation and a possibility of it in eight others. The twenty cases affected 1,500 claims, and the total amount lost by the unfortunate employees was over £150,000.

Add to this figure the losses sustained in many of the other 229 cases, where the men are paid out only a proportion of their full claims, and the total loss exceeds, it is estimated, £250,000 in this one industry alone.

We have specially quoted these instances in the coal-mining industry because of its particularly hazardous nature, but there are thousands of similar cases in other occupations.

The building industry and its allied trades are exceptionally bad examples. Engaged in them are hosts of employers who do not employ more than a few men at a time, and many of whom do not insure their workmen. More than that, many of them have no resources behind them, so there is no hope for their workmen in the event of accidents.

IN a case a few days ago a woodworker incapacitated for life was awarded £2,000 under the Employers' Liability Act But he will get nothing—or next to nothing—because the company which employed him had not insured him, and has gone into liquidation.

In another recent case a battalion of crippled workmen, some on stretchers and in wheeled chairs, lined up outside a Newcastle bank to draw what was left to them of their awards after their uninsured employers had gone bankrupt.

These men had waited two years for the money, existing penniless while the firm's accounts were being wrangled over by accountants, receivers and other creditors. And when at last they received what was left, most of it was mortgaged to tradesmen and others who had extended credit to them during those long two years.

How long must iniquitous scandals like these continue?

The law will not allow anybody now to take a car out on the road without insuring himself against injury caused to another person.

Yet a man may employ others in a dangerous trade and take no steps to protect himself or them in the event of their injury, although there is an Act in existence which states that a workman is entitled to compensation from his employer if he is injured at his work.

TO allow employers to insure themselves voluntarily is no good; there are thousands of wrecked lives and homes to prove it.

There is only one course of action possible—the Government must, without delay, amend the Workmen's Compensation Act and its allied measures, compelling all employers to insure against injury to their workmen.

An elementary act of legislation will do it. And to do it will be an elementary act of justice to the countless thousands whom an accident has robbed, or may any day rob, for ever of their means of livelihood.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Dangerous "Dark Horses" of New Betting Plan

TWO months ago JOHN BULL disclosed that the expert advisers of the Government were pressing upon it a revolutionary scheme for the reform and control of ready-money betting.

Whatever recommendations may be contained in the forthcoming Report of the Betting Commission, we have reason to forecast that legislation for this purpose will be submitted soon in the form of a Private Member's Bill, to which the Government will tacitly assent by leaving it to a free vote of the Commons.

It is proposed to continue to forbid the frequenting of bookmakers' premises for betting and the collection of bets in the streets.

Big fight coming

The big change in the law intended, as we said, is to allow the posting of cash with bets to bookmakers, both in England and Scotland, who will pay a special licensing tax.

Already plans have been made by two hostile interests to conduct a gigantic fight against the contemplated Bill.

Racecourse opposition

One campaign will be conducted by the Parliamentary friends of the bookmakers whose business is confined to the racecourse.

These men have now to pay the racecourse companies enormously for the privilege of betting in the public rings.

Naturally, they resent the granting of facilities and the inevitable transfer of a vast volume of betting to the starting-price office bookmakers who contribute nothing to the upkeep of the gambling sports on which they make their profits.

Tote's challenge

The other line of opposition will be pursued by the friends of the Totalisator.

They will demand that all the facilities which it is proposed to give to office bookmakers to engage in ready-money betting shall be provided also for the Tote.

In fact, they claim it is desirable that if ready-money betting away from the course is to be legalised, the monopoly should be with the Racecourse Betting Control Board, which operates the Tote.

It is believed that it is because of this aspect that the Government will not put on its Whips when the question is decided.

Mushroom "bookies"

By whatever method the present hopeless position of the law against cash betting off the course is regularised, the betting public will have to be specially safeguarded in one particular.

This is the possibility of licences being given to mushroom bookmakers who will be out to rob.

The licence must carry with it a warranty that the holder's credentials and resources have been investigated.

We shall watch them

All over the country this year a tribe of dubious Turf commission agents have opened credit betting offices.

But they are merely paying rentals and carrying on dummy businesses in readiness for the day when they expect to obtain licences as "established" bookmakers and share in a flood of ready-money betting.

JOHN BULL already has a list of these "dark horses," and will watch their operations closely.

Welcome change

The Postmaster-General, like the squirrels, has at last stirred from his long slumber.

He has suddenly begun to spend more money on telephone development, after saying "No" over and over again.

Probably someone in high authority discovered that the lack of Government orders was causing much unemployment in the telephone industry and told him to "get on with the job."

Looking ahead

That action came not a moment too soon. What Sir Kingsley Wood must remember in future is that the telephone business must be planned for five or ten years ahead.

It takes more than five years, from start to finish, to build a new telephone exchange, and years to change over a town from manual to automatic working and to lay trunk lines.

Above all, he must remember that Britain is still only tenth in the world list of telephone users.

P.M.G. Wakes Up at Last

A Dying-Wife Deserter

If ready-money betting by post comes, watch the "mushroom bookie"!

Police grievances

Lord Trenchard must be careful. If he offends the police too greatly he may be faced with a serious situation. Discontent impairs efficiency.

Already the police have a strong grievance—the "cuts" in their pay took away the benefits of the Desborough award.

Smart and ambitious young constables as well as the elderly plodders will have a further grievance if Lord Trenchard's proposal for the direct recruitment of officers is put into effect.

No Hitlerism!

Not only the police, but the whole public will support Mr. A. G. Gardiner's demand—on page 11—that there must be no militarism in the Force, and that the legitimate functions of the Police Federation must not be interfered with.

Those are matters which must be carefully considered by the Government before Lord Trenchard's suggestions are passed into law.

The King's protest

In his letter on the slums, read at Kensington Town Hall the other night, stating "the King views with great disquiet the unsatisfactory condition under which so many of his subjects are housed," His Majesty has voiced the feelings of the whole public.

Let us hope that letter will induce Whitehall and reactionary local councils to take prompt and adequate action to end one of the greatest scandals in the land.

There is not a single reason why they should not.

Mother doesn't matter

There are societies for the prevention of suffering to children and animals, but we are apt to be indifferent to the sufferings of women in childbirth.

So Leeds nurses have just been reminded by Dr. Parsons, of the National Trust Fund for the extension of maternity services.

Well, prejudice dies hard. There are still far too many people who believe that a mother should endure preventable agony. But those who advocate the greater use of anæsthetics in maternity cases must eventually win—and the sooner the better.

Sharp practice

Uncle Sam isn't playing fair. Holders of gold bonds issued in America are to be paid interest in depreciated dollars despite the promise to pay in gold, and this will bring heavy losses to British investors.

Yet we are expected to send a war debt instalment of about £29,000,000 *in gold* to America next month. Why shouldn't we pay in our depreciated pound notes?

What a husband!

The most callous husband we have ever known.

That is what we say about John Ford, the Liverpool man, who, knowing that his wife was dying of cancer, deserted her and their three children, leaving them chargeable to the public authorities. Within a fortnight the poor woman was dead.

Ford has gone to jail for three months, and if anyone thinks that too much he deserves three months himself.

Slow martyrdom

By way of contrast, let us pass to Mr. H. J. Suggars, who is undergoing hospital treatment for the forty-first time.

Last of the London Hospital's band of X-ray martyrs still on the active list, his hands are damaged, one eyelid has been removed, and his chest is scarred with X-ray cancers.

Not only the thousands of people he has helped to cure, but the whole public will wish him a speedy return to the noble work he loves so well.

Prickly tests

Doctors have found yet another curious and "infallible" test for drunkenness.

It simply consists of sticking a pin into the face and hand of a suspect, and according to a surgeon at the Thames Police Court the man feels no pain if he is drunk.

We hope they sterilise the pin, and probably it is less difficult than trying to get a man to say "parallelepipedon." But can't they find a better way than treating a man like a human pin-cushion or a walking dictionary?

The quality of mercy

There's mingled pathos and happiness in a story that comes from Leicester.

Herbert Barber is a very sick man. His wife and two of his three children are ill; the income of the five is 12s. a week earned by a daughter, a Barber's pension of 7s. 6d. Passing milk cart, Barber stole some eggs.

The magistrates heard his story, missed the case, and, after a whip-rou in court, sent him away with m money than he had owned for years.

A peep into the Barber home t night would have repaid them for th leniency and their good deed.

Finger of scorn

We have nothing but loathing those people who are persecuting Alf Voss and his family, of Manchester, cause Mr. Voss is a son of the Alb Voss whose name was prominent i recent air-liner disaster.

Mr. Voss's business as a dentist suffering; people loiter outside the ho and peer through the windows, and children are chased and taunted other youngsters at the instigation their misguided parents.

Misguided? No—they're just barians.

Back to savagery

"Worse than bull-fighting," councillors who saw all-in wrestling Oxford, so the city council has defini banned this latest craze.

It's a pity that this back-to-the-stuff cannot be entirely prohibited.

The Government is said to be enq ing into the matter. How much lo will it take to make up its mind?

Negligence

We hope we never hear of ano aeroplane crash like that in Some the other day. It was caused by lac petrol, and one of the passengers short pleasure trip was killed.

An engineer said that about flights before the last he examined oil tank, but the pilot waved him before he could check the petrol.

The inquest jury found that there negligence on the part of the pilot other officials, but that it was criminal. That pilot was lucky.

Hospital delay

There's something wrong at Cla bridge Hospital, Cheshire.

At an inquest on a little girl, it stated that though she died at 11.30 the parents were not informed the father telephoned to the hos next morning.

A doctor said there was no one a able for such duty.

We can only hope that now a p protest has been made action will fo

One-sided

For a little fun, go to Leamin The corporation has just given solemn consent to mixed bathing insists that men keep to one side bath and women to the other!

The attendants are having a time separating the sexes.

The minds of Leamington counc seem a bit one-sided, too.

Still shirking

Following our recent attack o sentee M.P.s comes the news that again the House of Commons ha to be adjourned owing to poor a ance.

On this occasion, too, the Bill consideration was an important that seeking to make incurable ins a ground for divorce. Only tw three M.P.s were there—only tw three interested in one of the u piest scandals of our time!

Unfair

France has a good chance of wi the Derby with Rodosto, the Two sand Guineas victor.

While three classic races and £30,000 in stakes have gone to F in five seasons, British horses barred from the corresponding events, which are confined to hom animals.

France apparently believes "What's yours is mine and what's is my own." Why doesn't our Club decide otherwise?

Asking For Prison Mutinies!

The Hand of False Economy has once more put back the clock of prison reform

by

Hargrave L. Adam

the Criminologist

OVER thirty years' intimate acquaintance with our prison system has convinced me that at the present time it is among the most retrogressive institutions we have.

For years it has been crying aloud for reform, and at length, so obvious became the need, a Committee of Investigation was formed, and upon the strength of its "findings" a Bill was introduced in Parliament, framed for the purpose of sanctioning the many radical reforms the Committee had discovered were urgently called for.

Thus at last it seemed likely that the whole prison system of this country would be placed upon a rational and intelligent basis. But no—the Bill has just been definitely, or rather indefinitely, shelved. So once more our legislators have put back the clock of prison reform.

Why this "pigeon-holing" of prison reform?

The explanation may be found in the presence in our midst of the Demon of Economy, which is still rearing its baleful head in all departments of our national life. In plain language, the Government has as good as told us that it cannot afford to embark upon prison reform at the present time, gravely as it is needed, as clearly demonstrated by the Committee.

THIS is by no means a new attitude of the Government towards the prison system of this country, which, for some considerable time, has been growing steadily worse, more and more corrupt and inefficient, as a result of persistent and prolonged legislative neglect.

It is therefore safe and fair to assume that nothing practical was ever intended to develop from this latest enquiry, and that the appointment of the Committee was merely a "gesture" of camouflage, made for the purpose of allaying the natural and justifiable anxiety which exists in certain quarters.

But the evils still exist, and will, unless dealt with, inevitably increase and multiply. Let us look into these evils a little more closely.

There has of late been considerable looseness in the management of our various prisons—a fact made obvious by the many ugly "incidents" which have occurred in connection with them. There has been ample evidence of the existence of widespread irritation and unrest among both the inmates and the staffs of the prisons.

A prison is a little world in itself, the population of which lives much the same kind of lives—the differences are merely a matter of degree. So that what fundamentally affects some affects the whole.

There is a good deal of mental and bodily strain in prison life, which has been increasing in intensity during the last year or two, as the result of what one may term the constant turning of the screw of economy. This unrest is universal, from the Governor downwards, although, of course, it differs in the form of its "demonstration."

Those who reside in prisons and do business in tribulation have not escaped the knife of the economist any more than have those who dwell in the outer world. Everything there that can be cut has been mercilessly lopped—pay, food, leisure, and so on. Some of these deprivations have led to disturbing results.

I REMEMBER on one occasion seeing the rations served out to the inmates of a London prison, and, although the food appeared wholesome enough (I tasted some of it), the quantities were woefully small, and seemed to be more suitable to mice than men. There can be no doubt that many prisoners are living in a state of semi-starvation.

The pay of prison officials has never erred on the side of liberality, considering the arduous nature of the duties they are called upon to perform; yet that, as in the case of the pay of the police, has not escaped the ruthless knife of the economist. To this fact you may safely trace the origin of the cases of "trafficking" on the part of warders which have occurred recently.

Our prison Governors are an able and conscientious class of officials, but if they, in common with our High Court judges, should be dissatisfied and indignant at being "cut," can one be surprised at lapses on the part of minor officials?

One of the worst aspects of economy in our prisons concerns the hours of duty of the warders.

Some time ago it was decided, and quite properly, that their shifts should be curtailed to the eight hours which obtain in other spheres of industry. This meant that either additions would have to be made to the staff, or the prisoners would have to be kept for longer hours within their cells.

Economy decided upon the latter alternative.

This was putting a skid on the work of reform with a vengeance, for if there is one feature of our prison discipline more than another that belongs to the retrogressive past it is that of the prolonged period of cell confinement — at least twelve out of the twenty-four hours.

Thus a man with a tortured mind is thrust in upon himself, as it were. He broods and broods, and as an ultimate result he may either have to be removed to Broadmoor Lunatic Asylum or he may have planned in his own mind the details of some big and violent crime to be carried out after his release. I could cite many such cases.

Lack of money for carrying out much-needed reforms has been a serious obstacle for a long time, as testified to by various officials, including members of the Prison Commission itself.

As a result, they appear to be driven to the adoption of various shifts and devices to meet the difficulties which arise from, or are created by, the lack of funds to do the right thing.

It is not sufficient merely to introduce such minor reforms as letting prisoners grow their hair, allowing them to wear spectacles and "folders," removing the broad arrow from their clothing (or concealing it), and giving entertainments.

Something more radical and fundamental than this is required. The whole system calls for thorough reorganisation, and that was what was aimed at by the Bill, which, in the interests of irrational economy, has been rendered futile.

Not long since I discussed the subject with the Governor of one of our London prisons—a most energetic and enterprising official. He agreed with me that we do not, as we should do, make the most of a prisoner while he is undergoing his sentence. We waste his energy and his time. He should be made to work in such a manner that he should not only be made to support himself, but even to render a profit to the State.

Prisons should be veritable hives of industry, profitably conducted, so that the burden of their support should be removed from the shoulders of the taxpayer.

We know that difficulties have been met with in this direction in connection with trade unions, but these are capable of being remedied. Prison manufactured articles should be placed upon the general outside market, and in this connection my friend the Governor had some interesting things to say. Here is what he said:

"It is not a new idea. I have tried to work it out myself. When I was at one of the provincial prisons I went so far as to convert myself for the time being into a commercial traveller, and went round canvassing for orders. I succeeded, after somewhat strenuous exertions, in obtaining a few orders.

"These were duly executed, but I found that it would not pay to carry on with it, for we were quite unable to compete with outside firms, who, on account of their workshops being fitted with up-to-date machinery, were able to turn out articles much quicker than we were."

Then the Governor proceeded to reveal that all the prison machinery was old and out of date.

I then suggested that it should be replaced with new machinery, but this, he objected, would entail the practical rebuilding of most of the "public works" prisons, for in their present form they are unsuitable for the reception of modern machinery.

"THEN," I retorted, "rebuild them." But he shook his head dolefully. "That would entail a considerable outlay of money," he explained, "and that is an article which we have great difficulty in getting hold of just now."

These words have since been confirmed by the fate of the Bill already referred to. Economy still bars the way. That is the deplorable truth. But if the money was required for, say, uplifting the Carraway Tribes of Central Africa, no doubt it would be forthcoming, but not for uplifting our own fallen tribes at home.

Our prison system, in the face of this legislative neglect, will continue to become still more disorganised and demoralised. And there will be further ugly "incidents."

EXHUMATION

(Left) Mrs. Edith Rosse, whose body was exhumed

The exhumation scene in the little churchyard at Bisham

MIDNIGHT. Rain, perhaps, and pitch darkness, broken only by the fitful light from a few lanterns.

A group of men round an open grave in a country churchyard. A policeman or two; but no clergyman, no mourners.

The coffin is being raised, not lowered. There is a quick businesslike air about the proceedings. For this is not an interment, but an exhumation—one of the most grim and dramatic steps that the Law can take when sinister rumour is afloat.

* * *

The exhumation the other day of the body of Mrs. Edith Marion Rosse, the actress, from the tiny churchyard at Bisham, near Marlow, Buckinghamshire, is a notable exception in the long list of recent dramatic exhumations under Home Office orders in that it did not take place in the dead of night, and that it was undertaken in full view of passers-by.

Rare case

This must be the first case for many years where the authorities have not shrouded their graveyard work in utter secrecy. Even Press photographers were present at the graveside and were able to take pictures of the exhumation.

Dr. Roche Lynch, of the Home Office, gathered a few handfuls of earth from the grave, placed it in a jar, which was sealed and labelled . . . a few handfuls of earth that may, or may not, have an ugly tale to tell. Then the body itself was brought to London for a searching expert analysis of the organs by Sir Bernard Spilsbury, the chief Home Office pathologist.

Once more the grave had given up its secret . . . and once more medical science will establish beyond all reasonable doubt whether Mrs. Rosse's death was a natural one.

Suspicion and rumour have as often as not proved to be groundless when exhumations have taken place. That is why orders for them are not lightly given, and why intensive police enquiries extending over months were made before the sensational scene in Bisham churchyard was enacted.

The Home Office has power to grant permission for an exhumation to be made; but the more usual practice is to obtain an order from a coroner which may be issued with practically no formality. This merely calls upon the person in charge of a burial ground to permit the disinterment of a body so that the cause of death may be ascertained. In fact, unless a body is buried in consecrated ground, the police would be entitled to act without seeking any authority.

The circumstance of grim drama that lurks behind an order of exhumation has been heightened, until the exception was made in the case of Mrs. Rosse, by the methods adopted to carry it out.

For a variety of reasons, whenever possible, the proceedings are shrouded in the deepest secrecy. The undertaker's men are pledged to silence. Labourers may not know for what purpose they are summoned. The subordinate police officers are brought from some distant district. All those concerned arrive quietly and do what has to be done during the hours of darkness or in the early dawn.

The reason is that it may be inadvisable to let some person know that suspicion has been translated into action; and in any event the curiosity of a morbid crowd is undesirable.

Strange that so many sinister chapters of crime should have been solved by exhumations in the peaceful solitude of country churchyards!

No novelist would have dared to invent so bizarre a story as that which reached a climax in the shadow of the ancient square tower of Great Fransham parish church in Norfolk.

In the early dawn of a bleak November day, with a bitter wind moaning through the half-naked trees, the seventy-year-old, grey-bearded sexton stood by while men worked behind a screen to uncover the grave of a woman he had known fifty years before as a child.

Police officers in uniform and plain clothes patrolled the churchyard. An undertaker from Margate, the rector of the parish and the Chief Constable of Norfolk were among the few privileged spectators.

The wrong woman?

Presently a small black and yellow car came to a halt outside the churchyard, and from it descended Sir Bernard Spilsbury and Mr. Walter Hambrook, then a chief detective inspector but now one of the "Big Five" at Scotland Yard.

The policemen and workpeople gathered about the tripod which towered above the canvas awning, ropes revolved smoothly in the pulleys, and the coffin was brought to the surface. Silently it was placed on a small wheeled bier, covered with a travelling rug, and transferred to the little schoolroom a few yards away.

Then the sexton was beckoned forward. There were doubts whether the woman in the coffin was really the Rosaline Fox as whom she had been buried, and a word from him determined his questioners.

Sir Bernard Spilsbury, clad in a long smock reaching to his knees, bent to his more serious task. Had this woman been murdered, or had her death, as the inquest verdict said, been the result of an accident? With the blinds drawn, and by the light of an oil lamp, he laboured for three hours. At the end of that time he had reached a conclusion, which he later confirmed by more detailed examination. Mrs. Fox had been strangled.

The exhumation had put the finishing touch to an investigation that had

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WINGS of HOPE

Homely Wisdom by
Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

THE other morning, very early, I saw a beautiful thing. A sea-mist had come up and obscured the view from my bedroom window, deluding me into thinking that our fine Spring weather had broken and that we were in for a dull, and, perhaps, rainy period.

Suddenly, happening to look up, I saw a little break in the clouds at a great height, and there, in the middle of it, was a tiny moving point of light.

It was a white bird, possibly a seagull, soaring at an unusually lofty elevation. The under-side of its wings caught and reflected the rays of the rising sun.

It was the only sign, so far as I was able to observe, that there was sunshine anywhere; but the moment my eyes rested upon it I knew that the shadows would soon be dispersed, as, in fact, they were within half an hour.

That tiny, graceful, feathered creature was the harbinger of a glorious day. It moved as though made of living flame, with pinions of shining gold. It had risen to meet the sun.

Down below and near at hand were other birds of the same species, but their plumage was dull and grey: no heavenly light was reflected therefrom. Only up yonder, beyond the reach of cloud and shadow, poised in mid-air, hung that solitary messenger of hope and cheer.

It made a lovely picture, and if I had an artist's or a poet's gift I could make it live again to put heart into weary folk who need to be reminded that in spiritual, as in material, things, it is well to seek the uplands when the lower levels are dark.

Over and over again it has fallen to my lot to try to comfort people who have told me they had nothing left to hope for in this world, and I admit that in many cases the mournful cry was a natural one in the circumstances.

When one is stripped bare of everything that gives value to life and makes it worth our while to keep on striving, it must seem for the time as though there were nothing to be done but crawl like a wounded animal into a hole and cease to care what happens.

When death snatches your best beloved from you, or your best friend turns against you, or a deluge of trouble sweeps away all that you have spent your best years in trying to accomplish, you can be pardoned for feeling incapable of pulling yourself together and tackling things anew.

Yet you must do it if you are to escape that worst of all fates—going rotten in soul. Many a man with fine stuff in him does that, and the dire result shows in his very look, because he has abandoned hope.

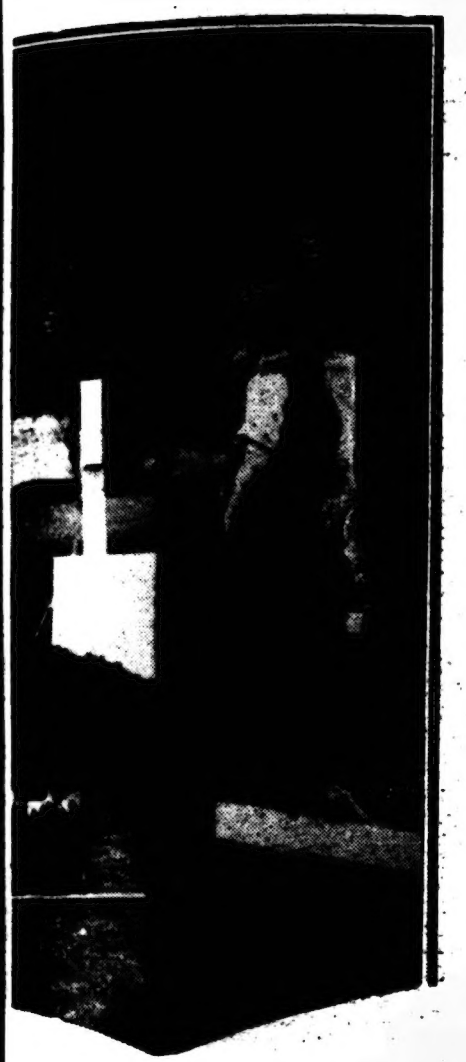
There is always a way up when there is no way out. There is light above the clouds, and you will find it if you are brave enough to go and look for it.

"The night wanes into morning, and the dawning light
Broadens; and all the shadows fade and shift.
I follow, follow, sure to meet the sun,
And confident that what the future yields
Will be the right unless myself be wrong."

"There are three ways of overcoming trouble," wrote a quaint writer a hundred years ago. "The first is cheerfulness, the second is cheerfulness, and the third is cheerfulness."

The Bible improves on it. It says: "We are saved by hope."

DRAMAS of the LAW



ranged over a dozen places in England and Flanders, and sent to the gallows as heartless a villain as any in the annals of crime.

Mrs. Fox and her son, Sydney Harry Fox, had been staying in adjoining rooms at a Margate hotel when she met her death in a smoke-filled bedroom. The son had, he said, vainly attempted to rescue her, and had then given the alarm.

This story was accepted at the inquest, but not so readily by the insurance company which was liable to pay some thousands of pounds. The aid of Scotland Yard was enlisted, and weeks of highly complicated enquiries showed that the couple had led a strange and wandering life.

They had stayed at many first-class hotels, living largely on the proceeds of bogus cheques presented by the man. He was, in fact, a swindler with a bad criminal record. It was as a last resource that he had conceived the diabolical plot of murdering his own mother after insuring her heavily.

Poison mysteries, which many exhumations have solved, are usually the most difficult of all murder cases. They are also, as a general rule, the most expensive, for eminent specialists do not work for nothing. Since the cost falls upon local authorities, there are times when an investigation would be hampered, if it were not that the Home Office invites applications in special cases for the use of its own experts—who, of course, have an unrivalled experience.

Arsenic found

Such a team it was that, as the result of an exhumation, unmasked Armstrong, a solicitor and magistrates' clerk of Hay, a little Welsh town near Hereford. Sir Bernard Spilsbury, Sir William Willcox, the Home Office Medical Adviser, and the late Mr. John Webster, the analyst, now succeeded by Dr. Roche Lynch, made on that occasion a combination hard to deceive.

In this case the exhumation was the culmination of action taken through the Director of Public Prosecutions.

Armstrong was believed to have made attempts to murder Mr. Martin, a rival solicitor, and Chief Detective Inspector Crutchett, of Scotland Yard, was sent secretly to Hay to investigate. Not till he confronted Armstrong in his office, and told him that he was under arrest for attempted murder, did the thunderstruck lawyer dream that he was suspected. He had not even time to make away with the packets of arsenic that were concealed at his office and his home.

But Crutchett had not finished. There were stories of the manner of Mrs. Armstrong's death nearly a year before. This was the inspector's real job. He was taking no chances. As in so many of these cases, the lesser charge had only been made to prevent Armstrong destroying evidence or committing suicide.

Body preserved

Within two days, with only officials present, the body of Mrs. Armstrong was taken from a grave in Cusop Churchyard. Sir Bernard Spilsbury made the post-mortem at a near-by cottage. But as soon as the coffin was opened the tale was told. Arsenic is a preservative, and the body might have been that of a woman who had been dead only a few days.

So freely had the poison been used, indeed, that it had percolated through the sawdust and shavings in the coffin to the surrounding earth. Sixteen jars were used in sending the organs and samples of earth for analysis. The conclusions formed by the trio of experts were irresistible. In truth, Armstrong had been doomed the moment his victim was taken from the grave.

Not always is the work of the medical scientist so simple. There are volatile poisons that disappear after a while. Even if all traces have not vanished it is by no means a certainty that they will be discovered.

Almost every poison needs a distinct test. It is quite possible, for instance, while searching for arsenic to overlook the presence of hyoscine. The toxicologist has to know, within limits, for what he is seeking. It would be utterly impracticable to search for all possible poisons, so he confines himself to those which other circumstances point to as having probably been used.

Even though poison is found in a disinterred body and murder is established, it is not certain that the murderer will be brought to justice. The most notable poison case of the century is still a mystery.

Three members of one family, Mrs. Violet Sidney, her daughter, Miss Vera Sidney, and her son-in-law, Mr. E. C. Duff, all died within a few months of one another. They were buried in a Croydon cemetery, and when suspicion became acute at the strange sequence of their deaths their bodies were exhumed.

Each of them had been killed by arsenic. Yet the murderer—or murderess—still remains at large.

Another exhumation that led nowhere occurred in the Cornish poisoning case a year or two ago.

Three women died—Miss Mary Ann Everard, aged seventy-six; Miss Lydia Everard, aged fifty-two; and Mrs. Alice Thomas, whose death in hospital was known to have been due to arsenical poisoning.

The Misses Everard had some time before been buried in the churchyard at Lewannick, and amid wind-driven snow and bitter sleet, sweeping down on the thick fir-trees that sheltered the graves, and with the use of hurricane oil-lamps, their bodies were disinterred. It was one of the most eerie of all exhumation scenes.

Both women, it was revealed, had been killed by arsenic poisoning.

A curious point was that the soil of the graveyard was found to be impregnated with a small proportion of arsenic, but Dr. Roche Lynch demonstrated that this could not account for the poison discovered in the bodies.

After having been missing, Mrs. Annie Hearn, who had nursed Mrs. Thomas and was a relative of the Misses Everard, was arrested but acquitted after a dramatic trial

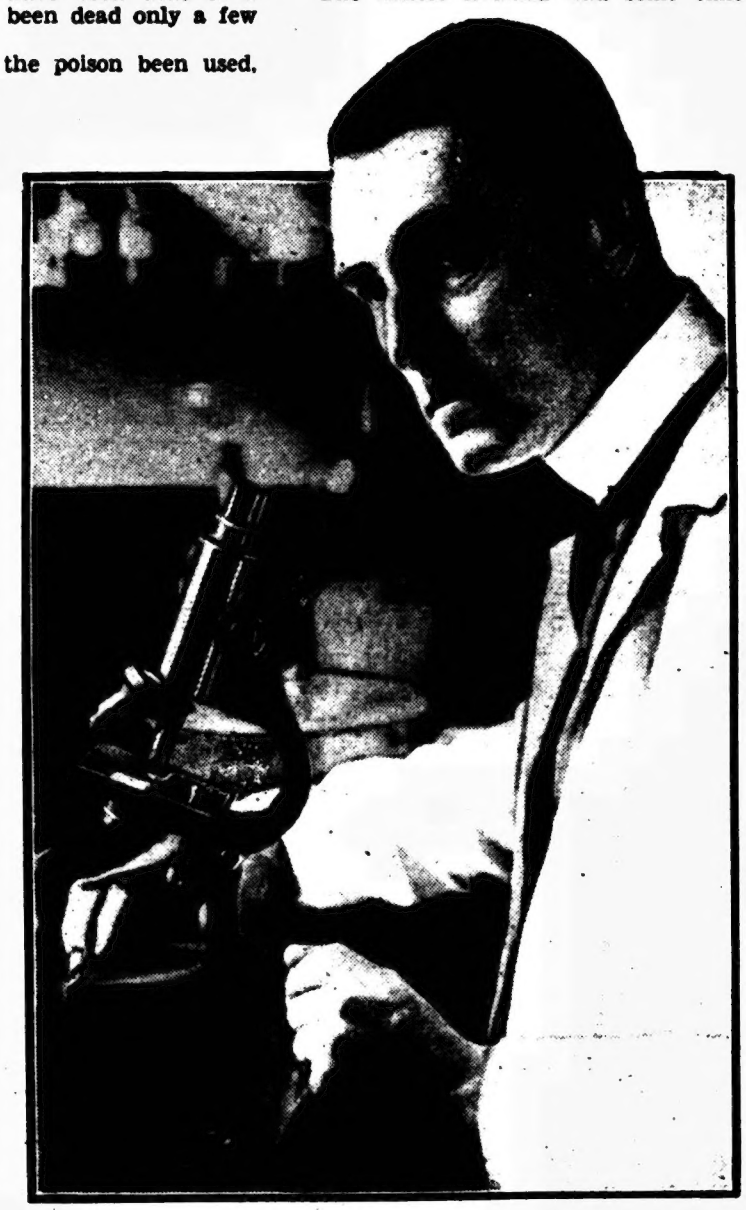
Rumour again played a futile part in bringing about the exhumation, about a year ago, of Mrs. Katherine Ramage, the Shoreham woman whose death was certified as being due to heart failure.

Suspicion of foul play rapidly took root once it became known that when Mrs. Ramage was lying ill in bed her mother saw reflected in the mirror of a wardrobe she was dusting the face of her daughter, which suddenly became distorted. A moment later Mrs. Ramage collapsed on the pillow and was dead when the doctor arrived.

Months elapsed before a surprise exhumation took place. It disclosed that natural causes alone distorted the face seen so dramatically in the mirror.

In one of the most sensational of all exhumation dramas two men stood side by side in close conversation in Willesden cemetery while the body of Elsie Cameron was disinterred. They were Sir Bernard Spilsbury and another pathologist, the late Dr. Brontë—and the scene was the prelude to one of the fiercest battles between scientific experts that has ever taken place, with the life of a man as the stake.

Norman Thorne, a Crowborough poultry farmer, was accused of murdering the girl. His story was that he had found her hanging to a beam in his hut, and that out of fright he had dismembered her body and buried it in a poultry run.



Sir Bernard Spilsbury, the famous pathologist, at work in his laboratory

Rival opinions

A post-mortem had already been made by Sir Bernard Spilsbury, and the exhumation, six weeks later, was to enable Dr. Brontë, who had been retained by the defence, to make a similar examination. The whole case depended upon the marks, seen through a microscope, on tiny portions of skin.

Dr. Brontë contended that these proved the girl had tried to hang herself and had died from shock. Sir Bernard Spilsbury urged that the marks were perfectly natural, and that the girl had been killed by heavy blows—probably with an Indian club found in the hut. Neither expert gave way an inch, but eventually Thorne was convicted and hanged.

No exhumation ever aroused more public interest than that of Thomas Charles Druce, a bazaar owner of Baker Street, London. It was claimed after his death that he was in reality the fifth Duke of Portland, who had led a double life. There were stories of a mock funeral and an empty coffin and a great deal of litigation took place.

It was not till twenty-three years after the death that the legend was exploded. The grave in Highgate cemetery was opened in the presence of doctors, photographers and undertakers' men. Special editions of the evening papers sold that day like wildfire. The great Druce case was at an end, for the coffin was not empty.

Probably the oddest reason for an exhumation was given recently in France. A woman, at her own request, was buried at Versailles wearing jewellery worth something like a thousand pounds. A friend was accused of making away with the gems, and the only way to vindicate him was to open the coffin.

His innocence was proved.

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to EPSTEIN

They'll Understand You, One Day

MY DEAR JACOB,—Well, you have beaten your critics at last. Even those who, for years, have jeered, saying you carved monstrosities merely to attract attention, have had to admit that your latest exhibition of sculpture makes that at the Royal Academy look silly.

I read the other day how one journalist, who went along to see your show after, as he says, "joining in the popular chorus which denounced many of Epstein's works as hideous," now says: "Well, I have got to climb down."

"He went," he says, "because Hannen Swaffer had described it as the most significant show of our time."

Well, if you remember—and you do—I was your champion over twenty years ago, when almost everybody united in baiting you.

Now they merely walk by your carvings in the Strand, which they denounced before the war. They have forgotten your Oscar Wilde monument, which, in Paris, they mutilated. Even your "Primeval Gods," which is another challenge this year and which took you twenty-three years to finish, passes almost unnoticed in the course of eulogy which hails the triumph of your latest collection of women's heads. They are more beautiful, indeed, than any you have ever done. This time, the world admits it.

* * *

Why are you attacked? What is your crime? It is the worst crime of all. You dare to think for yourself. You know that mass opinion is mess opinion. So do I.

Anyway, it was unjust criticism that made your fame.

I remember your figure of Christ, for instance. You dared to depict Him as a Jew. That was thought a terrible thing to do. Clergymen attacked that from the pulpit.

People were then imbued with the idea that, because the old Italian masters took as models the people around them, Christ was a very nice-looking Italian. It was thought heresy when you dared to show Him as a Jewish working-man, Who went about with people of the class from whom He sprang, doing good in a simple way.

* * *

Why, in the old days, if you remember, artists even used to give Christ a blond beard.

The people who attacked you forgot that, if they had been alive at the time this was first done, that would have made them equally angry.

I often remind people that Turner was sneered at by the public because of the bright colours of his sunsets, until Ruskin championed him; and that even Ruskin, when he grew old, became too old-fashioned to appreciate Whistler. "He throws a paint-pot in the public's face and charges a thousand guineas for it," he wrote. And a jury gave Whistler only a farthing damages.

Now, Whistler, passed ever out of the commercialism of the dealers' galleries, hangs unnoticed on the walls of art collections.

Then Gauguin got it in the neck—and Van Gogh, and the French impressionists. Now, even they fail to shock.

Then you came along about the time of the Cubists and the Futurists. Your shows caused anger. Theirs gave rise to ridicule. Nowadays, Cubism is used for advertisements and for the modelling of the heads of dressmakers' dummies—yes, and for door-knobs! Yet most do not notice it.

As for you, even those readers of mine who do not appreciate yet—their children will—the greatness of your conception and the breadth of your mind, will, when I tell them of it, pay tribute to your quiet courage and the earnestness of your way of treading the path of a pioneer.

You might have been "fashionable" had you made your art popular. As it is, a Bohemian still, a simple-natured man with something eternal to say, you prefer work to wealth and what you see as Truth to a conventional lie that would bring in much more money.

You sprang from the people of Yesterday. Your art belongs to the people of To-morrow. It is intended to make us think for ourselves.

* * *

At a time when people are being made, by newspaper Peers and Talkies, and a hundred mechanical devices, to think all alike, to cheer, for instance, some silly film star who has been divorced six times, and who, unknown to themselves, are being forced to think alike and all do the same thing—well, I applaud anybody who, in spite of all, goes on his own way.

You have suffered for going yours. You have not only been insulted and threatened; for years and years you remained poor, just because you preferred to be an artist rather than one of those fashionable guys.

But long after they are forgotten you will remain.

Hannen Swaffer

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Rt. Hon. G. C. TRYON, M.P.,
Minister of Pensions

DEAR SIR,—It is useless for you to repudiate the charge made by the British Legion that concessions to war-disabled men have only been secured after bitter struggles.

The evidence against you is overwhelming.

Thousands of war heroes would be in a terrible plight but for the fight waged on their behalf by the British Legion and by your candid critic,

JOHN BULL.

Mr. THOMAS E. HAMMOND,
Haywards Heath, Sussex

DEAR SIR,—You must be wondering if it is worth while to do your duty as a citizen.

On Easter Monday you rang up the local fire brigade and reported a forest fire near your home. Asked if you would be responsible for the expense incurred, you naturally refused—you were only telling them that there was a fire.

Now you have received a bill for £14 for the services of the brigade. Don't pay it! JOHN BULL.

JOHN TAYLOR,
Hopton, Derbyshire

TAYLOR,—I am tired of addressing people like you, but your case is too remarkable to ignore.

One of your cows was found hidden away in a loose box with a two-month-old fracture of the leg. For the sake of the milk she yielded you had kept her alive in diabolical torture.

You had been previously convicted of cruelty to an animal, and the magistrates threatened that if you appeared again on a similar charge you would be sent to prison. It passes my comprehension why they didn't jail you on this occasion. JOHN BULL.

D:. CYRIL ALINGTON,
Dean of Durham

DEAR DEAN,—You struck the right note in your first sermon at Durham Cathedral.

Criticising "gloomy Christians," you said, "Hug your gloom if it is dear to you, but cease to call yourselves Christian in any sense of the word."

That's sound religion and sound common-sense, and its truth has too long been ignored by the Church.

JOHN BULL.

Admiral Sir REGINALD TYRWHITT,
Commander-in-Chief, The Nore

DEAR ADMIRAL,—I am glad to have your assurance that the Navy is as highly efficient as it is possible to be.

But you add: "I sincerely wish there were a lot more of it. I hope I shall live long enough to see our shipbuilding yards once more building ships right and left, so that we shall have the strongest Navy in the world."

I hope you live very long, but not to see another foolish and dangerous armament race in progress. JOHN BULL.

Mr. RALPH BUSHEL,
Leeds

BAD MAN,—Married in 1890, you parted five years later from your wife, never to see her but once again. For the past thirty years you have been Darby and Joaning with another woman, whom you "married" in 1931.

Now, to obtain the old-age pension, you have had to plead guilty to bigamy, been brought up at the assizes, solemnly sentenced to two days' imprisonment, and instantly set free.

The judge must have wondered why the case was sent for trial. I do, anyway. JOHN BULL.

Rev. F. J. LYS,
Vice-Chancellor, Oxford

REVEREND SIR,—You have done no good to the reputation of the University for fair play and free speech by banning a meeting arranged by the University Labour Club.

The meeting was called to hear a first-hand report on Hitlerism by Miss Ellen Wilkinson.

Oxford is supposed to be a seat of learning, but there are apparently some subjects in which you prefer the darkness of ignorance.

JOHN BULL.

SANDIACRE PARISH COUNCIL,
Derbyshire

GENTLEMEN,—After spending a lot of good money on locks and chains to keep the "Children's Corner" in your parish closed on Sundays, you find the youngsters still getting inside and using the amusements.

So you are writing to the makers to complain that the locks and chains are ineffective.

Wouldn't it be simpler to scrap them?

JOHN BULL.

THE TOWN COUNCILLORS,
Halifax

GENTLEMEN,—I have for long protested against elderly and retired public officials, in receipt of good pensions, being given new and well-salaried posts. I am glad you agree.

The former chief constable of Bradford gets a pension of £16 a week; now, as chairman of the Yorkshire Traffic Commissioners, he receives another £20 a week.

As a mark of your indignation, you have refused to pay your share of his salary. That won't do much good, for you are bound to pay it, but it may serve as a warning to the authorities.

JOHN BULL.

MINISTER OF HEALTH: Rich towns are preparing to oppose your plans to make them help the distressed areas. You should have made unemployment a national charge in the first place, instead of tackling the problem piecemeal. —JOHN BULL.

Mr. HARRY STRANGEWAYS,
Garforth, near Leeds

DEAR SIR,—It was only a dog, but you went to its rescue under conditions that would have daunted most men.

Tying an inflated tyre round your shoulders, you were lowered down a ninety-foot disused pit shaft and waded waist-deep in icy water along winding tunnels until you found the poor animal.

I enrol your name on my scroll of honour with much pleasure.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. P. BLAKE,
L.C.C. Education Committee

DEAR SIR,—I can understand your opposition to the award of a silver medal to the "best boy" in school. It might lead to priggery and snobbery.

But there would be little danger of that if the selection of the silver medallist were left to the vote of his schoolmates.

Masters might then discover unsuspected virtues in some of their pupils.

JOHN BULL.

The CHANGES *in the* Police

by

A. G. Gardiner

WITH the central idea of Lord Trenchard's report on the Metropolitan Police I think both the public and the police will be in agreement.

Brains must be fought with brains. Year by year, says Lord Trenchard, the criminal grows "more skilful, more mobile and more scientific." The day of Bill Sikes is gone. His place in the dock is taken to-day by alert, intelligent, generally young fellows who look well and speak well and who have raised the criminal methods to a level of cleverness and cunning of which Bill Sikes never dreamed.

Many things have conduced to bring about this change—universal education, the experiences of the war, the industrial depression which has driven many a young artisan into evil corners; above all, the motor-car, which has altered the whole character of the criminal calling.

The marvel is not that serious crime, with all these modern aids, has increased so much: the marvel is that it has increased so little.

The motor bandit, says Lord Trenchard, is "almost a myth" of the public imagination, and although that seems to me an exaggeration, on the other side it is true that the chief increase of crime relates to petty thefts and minor robberies.

This is still the safest country in the world to live in. Crime has never got out of hand with us as it has with the Americans, for example, and the police can fairly claim that they are the masters of the situation.

But the issue is still in the balance, and, grateful as we are to the magnificent Force that gives us so high a degree of protection, we must not hesitate to equip it for the new challenge which the modern criminal has thrown down to it.

Lord Trenchard surveys his smart men . . . and thinks they might be smarter still

The new challenge

And the first equipment is brains. The old idea that intelligence of a high order was undesirable in a policeman is obsolete. It would be as useless to match a stupid policeman against a clever criminal as it would be to expect a man on a bicycle to catch a man on a motor-car.

It is disquieting to learn from Lord Trenchard that the improvements in pay and status which followed the Desborough Committee in 1919 have not advanced the educational standard of candidates for the Force. Between 80 and 90 per cent. of the Force at the time of entry had not proceeded beyond the elementary stage of education, although the number of boys receiving secondary education has quadrupled since 1900.

Why in times when there is so great a dearth of openings for the educated youth of the country there should be a disinclination to enter a career which offers such opportunities for advancement and security as the Police Force does passes understanding.

But there is the fact, and we must deal with it in the best way we can. We must have men of brains to deal with criminals of brains, and while preserving the avenue of promotion for capable men who join as constables, it is proposed that there should be direct recruitment for responsible posts of men of good educational qualifications as well as of suitable personality and physique.

The highest posts for the best men available, whether they joined as constables or not, was the recommendation of the Royal Commission of 1929, and under the inspiration of Lord Trenchard it is clear that the Government proposes to put that recommendation in operation.

The only comment I have to make on the subject is that, in the pursuit of the laudable object of raising the educational standard of the Force, there must be no suspicion of "militarising" the Force. The civilian character of the body has been one of its most precious qualities.

But it is not only the educational level of the Force which requires attention if we are to keep pace with the "more skilful, more mobile and more scientific methods" of the modern criminal. No less important is the enormous diversion of police activities from the main task the Force has to fulfil. That task is the prevention and detection of crime.

The development of the motor-car has thrown upon the police, both in London and the country, a vast and growing responsibility for traffic control. I went into a London police court the other afternoon and heard nearly forty cases—all of them, except one, related to traffic offences. And the back of the court was packed with policemen concerned in these cases.

I would like to see the police relieved of the whole of this task. It has nothing to do with their real job, and should be transferred to a body like that of the A.A. men.

There is another disclosure in the Trenchard report which suggests a vice in the police system of London. It is with surprise that the public has learned that, alone among the police forces of the country, the Metropolitan police are employed and paid by private persons for police work in their own time. Elsewhere such work—attendance at football matches, greyhound races and the like—is done as part of the regular duty, and payment for it is made to the Police Fund. In the interests of the Force, the London practice should follow that of the rest of the country.

But the question which has aroused most controversy, and of which much will be heard in Parliament, is Lord Trenchard's criticism of the working of the Police Federation.

His criticisms are two—first, that its meetings occupy far too much of the public time of the Force; secondly, that its acitivities include strictures upon the Commissioner and the Government, and take the form of "a steady stream of propaganda on a variety of topics."

Safety-valve

On this, two principles need to be borne in mind. The relations of the public and the police are so intimate that the right of the police to strike for the redress of grievances is disallowed. Public order and security depend so largely upon the loyalty of the police that recourse to the weapon of the strike would be a blow at the life of the community.

But this disability can only be maintained by the acceptance of another principle—that is, that the police shall have a vehicle to formulate and present their grievances. They can be heard in Parliament, which is their ultimate court of appeal; but they are entitled to select their own representatives to voice the case which they wish to put before the authorities. That is the function of the Police Federation.

That function must be jealously safeguarded. It does not, of course, imply a right to criticise the higher administration or to preach politics in official time. A policeman may have his political preferences; but while on duty he is a servant of the State, indifferent to all Party considerations.

If there has been any departure from this principle, the Federation deservedly comes under censure. But while it keeps within the orbit of the policeman's working conditions it must not be interfered with. It should be a safety-valve for discontents.

If the police have grievances, the public wants them to be aired and brought out into the daylight. It does not want them to fester in the dark, for it knows that a good understanding between itself and the police is the foundation of public order and security.

Not from the B.B.C.—*Mr. Justice Charles delivers judgment on*

LAWYERS and JAWYERS

WHEN on the Bench I first began
To sit I formed a daring plan:
"Of things known to the average man
I won't waste time professing
My ignorance. I do not yearn
To figure as a comic turn,"
I mused; "instead I wish to earn
From litigants their blessing."

When at my high judicial task
My knowledge I don't seek to mask;
No one has ever heard me ask
In accents pained and puzzled:
"Who is this Greta Garbo?" or
"Er—what are cami-knickers for?"
Such quips I look on as a bore—
Their makers should be muzzled!

Some things, though, are beyond my ken—
The things done in a dentist's den,
For instance. Though my fellow-men
Are called upon to face 'em,
I'm ignorant of probe and drill
And of the way a nerve they kill—
For all my wisdom teeth are still
Where Nature chose to place 'em!

When a few days ago I announced in court, "I don't know much about dental treatment," counsel and court officials were uncertain whether or not to smile.

If a certain learned brother had made the remark everyone would have accepted it as a scintillating gem of wit and have been dutifully convulsed with laughter.

But I have never been in the habit of confusing the judge's wig with the jester's cap, so they were for a moment puzzled, until I went on to assure them that I had not visited a dentist for thirty-five years.

This, perhaps, is why I do not display the remarkable strength of jaw of some of my colleagues; but I have no difficulty in getting my teeth into a case and I can digest law reports, precedents and other indigestible matter as efficiently as those who regularly suffer the horrors of the dental torture-chamber.

Those horrors, I am told, are vastly exaggerated. I have heard of the humane killing of nerves, and it is stated that dentists can now extract teeth more painlessly than lawyers extract fees.

Indeed, after reading some speeches delivered at dental conferences, I am left with the impression that a dental surgery is now the sort of place which children elect to visit instead of the Zoo.

The evidence to this effect is, however, such as would probably be disallowed on appeal, dentists being particularly well equipped to gag and intimidate their victims.

Although I do not say that I would direct a jury to return a verdict of "justifiable homicide" in the case of a dentist murdered by a patient, I do emphatically say that I have no wish to repair my long-standing ignorance of dental matters.

"Won't you come into my parlour?"
Said the Dentist, dressed in white.
"For you'll find that dentists nowadays
Are as kind as they're polite.

"Yes, things are very different
From thirty years ago;
Now after an extraction
You but feel a pleasant glow.

"I've charming little instruments
With which a nerve I kill;
And if you're fond of music
You will *love* to hear my drill.

"So do come in, your lordship."
Cooed the Dentist to the Judge.
"'Tis the prettiest little parlour"—
But his lordship answered "Fudge!"

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FILL IN THE COUPON in the "New Imperial" advt. on p. 31 for Free Cat. and partics. How you can get a "UNIT MINOR" MOTOR CYCLE on easy terms.

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BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 20/-, 75 Home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Nappkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready to use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

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WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's Positive and Permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

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PILES relieved instantly by the wonderful Hemsol Treatment. No ointment, medicine nor appliance. Send 11d. stamp for Free Booklet on this remarkable discovery.—Hemsol Laboratories, 1, Ramsden Road, London, S.W.12.

RANKIN'S HEAD OINTMENT is a sure and quick way of banishing all head pests. At the same time it adds lustre to the hair and improves its growth. Thousands of families have proved its effectiveness during the past 50 years. Sold in boxes, 4d. and 8d., from all good Chemists, or by post, 5½d. and 9½d. RANKIN & CO., DEPT. "G," KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

SUFFERERS from NASAL CATARRH, HAY FEVER, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS or HEAD NOISES should write at once for FREE BOOKLET describing Sir Hiram Maxim's Home Treatment for these affections.—Address: Sir Hiram Maxim's Licensees, 55, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1.

A SAMPLE of Ursco for Rheumatism is offered in the advt. on page 37.

TURN to Mr. Shadforth's Free Gift offer of a 2/6 book of his famous Prescriptions, which will be sent FREE to every reader who orders any of the Prescriptions appearing in the advt. on p. 16. These valuable prescriptions will save you many a doctor's bill, because they are moderately priced.

THE attention of readers who are ruptured is drawn to the special BROOKS offer on the Back Cover. Fill in the coupon for illus. book and partics. of Trial Offer.

NERVOUSNESS. — If you suffer from weak Nerves, Depression, Worry, Morbid Fears, Shyness, etc., send 3d. for my book on "Nerves." Mr. Rivers (J.B.93), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 7a, New Bond St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANY kind old Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, Platinum Scrap bought. Highest cash per return.—Bell's, Headrow, Leeds.

SAVE MONEY ON EVERYTHING YOU BUY! —Order through *John Bull's* "Shop Window," pages 2 and 3.

FREE.—A special beauty outfit containing various TOKALON Preparations will be sent to every reader who fills in the coupon in the advt. on p. 33. Readers are also invited to place in what they think to be the correct order the four pictures illustrated in the advt. Be sure, therefore, to complete the coupon as well as your name and address, enclosing 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc.

HAVE you had a copy of the "TURF" Gift Booklet? This is offered free to readers of *John Bull* who write to Carreras, Ltd. (Dept. 305), 55, Piccadilly, London W.1. A number of gifts of sportswear given in exchange for coupons from "TURF" Cigarettes are illustrated in the advt. on p. 4. Further gifts appear in the booklet. Write for this now.

A FREE TRIAL PACKET of "Bondman" Empire Blend Tobacco will be sent on receipt of a p.c. addressed to Richard Lloyd & Sons, Andrew Tobacco Factory, 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. This offer appears on p. 31.

FREE.—The "Trex" Cookery Book, containing 100 really useful everyday recipes. Simply send 2d. in stamps to J. Bibby & Sons, Ltd. (Dept. W.25), King Edward St., Liverpool. See advt. on p. 28.

POST your films to W. R. ROSE, whose advt. appears on page 26. Write for illustrated list "J.B."

FREE.—Write for leaflet telling you all about applying "ROBBIALOID," the perfect Cellulose finish, which can be applied by brush or spray. Send a p.c. to Robbialoid Works (Dept. J.J.B 6), Stratford, E.15. The offer appears in the advt. on p. 22.

WRITE to the nearest G.W.R. Station or Ticket Office, mentioning *John Bull*, for partics. of special "Summer Tickets." Also get a copy of "Holiday Haunts," on sale everywhere, price 6d. See p. 35.

FREE.—A p.c. addressed to Nestlé's (Gift Dept. 33/6.5.33), Silverthorne Road, Battersea, London, S.W.8, will bring a copy of the new Free Gift Book and a voucher for 5 free coupons. A number of useful gifts were illustrated in the advt. in last week's issue, but many more valuable gifts appear in the Gift Book. Be sure to write for your copy.

SHOCKING TRAFFIC in One-Day Brides

THERE has been an alarming increase lately in the number of cases in which women of alien origin have been prosecuted for being in this country without permission.

The fact that many of them are officially known at Scotland Yard as associates of a highly organised gang of Continental adventurers, whose presence here is certainly not for the country's good, reveals a scandal that demands instant investigation.

This scandal is enhanced by the fact that it arises out of a problem that is by no means old. A big drive was made six or seven years ago to keep undesirable women out of our shores, and after the authorities had been put to considerable trouble and expense, certain ringleaders were brought to book.

But the big profits to be made from the nefarious business of smuggling these women into Britain have tempted others to pit their ingenuity against our police and after a temporary lull the evil has again assumed disquieting proportions.

So grave, indeed, has it become that a special squad of skilled detectives, under the personal direction of Supt. John Horwell, is now almost solely engaged in watching the movements of men who are known to make a practice either of bringing women from abroad or of watching their interests once they are here.

Notorious pair

It is officially estimated that there are at least 150 Frenchmen alone in London at the present time who are engaged primarily in this traffic, though many of them may be registered at the aliens' department as here for legitimate purposes

And an amazing organisation exists for providing alien women with British nationality so that, no matter how objectionable their operations may become, they can snap their fingers at the authorities and defy deportation.

A notorious couple, Hubert and Lucille Bourguet, are the prime movers in this sordid traffic on the Continent. They were deported from England some time ago after an unspeakable record here.

The far-reaching nature of their influence may be gauged from the fact that though they never dare set foot here again their names are constantly cropping up in police enquiries in London and elsewhere.

In some of the marriages Mr. Harold Brown promotes the couple bid adieu, just like this, at the register-office door

The operations of all such people would be much curtailed but for the assistance they depend upon from accomplices in England

And we here propose to unmask a man who has long been the leading spirit in arranging the mock marriages through which our laws are set at defiance.

He is Mr. Harold Brown and has operated from time to time from premises in the vicinities of Monmouth Street, Bayswater; Coventry Street, London, W.; and Oval Road, Regent's Park, London, N.W.

There is no doubt that he has been active for years in arranging mock marriages between alien women and unscrupulous Englishmen, who for a fee of £25 or more are willing to go through a form of marriage on the understanding that they shall part from their brides at the register office door.

His name has cropped up repeatedly in investigations into suspicious marriages.

A typical instance of his genius is afforded by the story of a beautiful young Frenchwoman named Yvonne Larsonaur, who was brought to London some time ago under Brown's auspices.

Like countless other women of alien origin, she came here in the first place with an ordinary excursion ticket for which no passport was required, yet she succeeded in dodging police surveillance for months.

The police are naturally at a disadvantage in such cases, as, in the absence of any definite complaint, they cannot very well challenge every alien woman who may be enjoying our hospitality.

However, Scotland Yard officers did have occasion to call upon Mlle. Larsonaur and question her as to her right to be here; but by that time she had gone through a form of marriage at a register office. She had thus secured British nationality and could snap her fingers at the law.

A bigamist

The police could do nothing, though they did find that Mr. Harold Brown was closely involved in the business.

As the law now stands it is no offence to engineer marriages of this monstrous kind, unless it can be established that one of the contracting parties has wittingly sworn false particulars or committed bigamy.

In this case, when she was originally interrogated, Mlle. Larsonaur insisted that she was of English nationality, and stated that she had gone through a legalised marriage with an Englishman abroad.

When, however, her husband's record was probed, it was found that he was a bigamist. Thus Mademoiselle reverted to her alien status and was arrested for being in the country without authority.

Brown, who is well versed in the law affecting aliens, was not to be beaten. He simply arranged to "marry" her again, this time to another Englishman, who happened to be single.

The second ceremony was rushed through, and the authorities were effectively thwarted. The ingenuity of Mr. Harold Brown had triumphed. And no action whatever could be taken against him for his complicity in the affair.

Though few people are aware of it, this same Harold Brown was involved in a case which came to light in London quite recently where Scotland Yard intervened and stopped a mock marriage at the eleventh hour.

Though baulked on this occasion Brown still had the audacity to frame up another wedding elsewhere immediately afterwards!

The woman concerned in this case was, indeed, a relative of the French woman to whom we have referred above.

Spreading

Among his British and Continental associates Brown has been known to boast that he can arrange one of these mock marriages any week if it is made worth his while.

Brown is associated with a number of individuals who provide flats to women at highly remunerative rentals, and this fact explains his particular interest in bringing about the marriages which enable these one-day brides to remain here.

His activities, and those of several of his associates, should be curbed in some way as soon as possible before the new menace spreads to ungovernable bounds.

There is a big syndicate now operating, with offices in London, which is willing to spend unlimited money in bringing alien women over here.

Although the problem of combating this traffic presents many difficulties, as we have shown, fifteen French women and twenty Spanish women have been traced since January this year as being here without permission, and some have already been deported.

But a much more vigorous effort must be made if the evil is to be stamped out.

The Human Machine

DON'T STARVE!

MOST people know Lewis Carroll only as the creator of the immortal "Alice in Wonderland." A few know that he was a Professor of Mathematics. Hardly any know that he often gave lectures containing the soundest of advice.

"Breakfast, dinner, tea," he said on one occasion; "in extreme cases, breakfast, luncheon, dinner, tea, supper, and a glass of something hot at bedtime. What care we take about feeding the lucky body! Which of us does as much for his mind? Is the body so much more the important of the two?"

It's rather striking put that way, isn't it? It's the sort of remark that brings you up with a jerk and makes you think. For few people take over their minds a thousandth part of the care they give their bodies. Most people, almost literally, feed their bodies and starve their minds.

They don't do it deliberately. It just never occurs to them that minds need food if they are to function properly; yet they do—they need reading, and observation, and the acquisition of knowledge. And they need time for the digestion of that knowledge. It is just as silly to overfeed the mind as to undernourish it.

Everyone can spare a little time each day for feeding the mind, for learning something new, for adding to their stock of facts and ideas; and they can spare a little time, too, for exercising the mind by deliberately and seriously thinking about what they have learned.

For if you feed the mind and neglect to exercise it, you are going to get the same result you get when you feed, but don't exercise, the body—you're going to get a fat mind that is fit for nothing but to waddle helplessly through the world!

But do it all sanely. "Knowledge has a very limited power indeed when it informs the head alone," said Charles Dickens, "but when it informs the heart, too, it has a power over life and death, the body and soul, and dominates the Universe."

A MILITARY FRAUD

IT is really time that a rogue, now touring the country in the name of "Paul Trent" and swindling people in every town he visits, was brought to book.

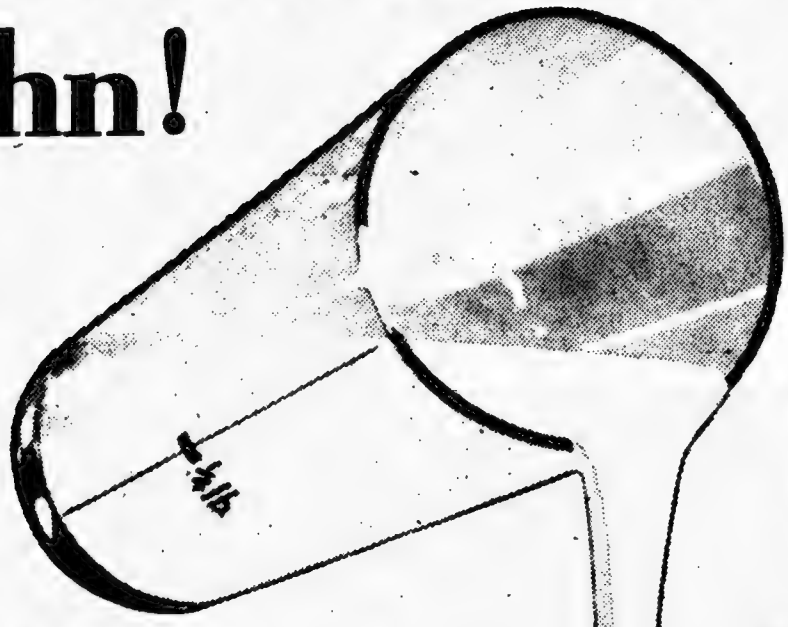
He stayed recently at a Blyth hotel, where it was generally supposed that he was a retired military man who intended to settle in the district.

Fellow guests found him a most entertaining companion, and he was especially popular with the ladies, whom he regaled with stories of his military service abroad.

He spent money so freely that everyone assumed that he was a man of wealth, but disillusion came swiftly when the engaging Mr. Trent suddenly departed never to return.

His last act was to cash a £25 cheque, which was soon found to be worthless and one of dozens circulated by him in the course of his travels!

Pass the milk, John!



½ lb. (nearly half a glass) of fresh, full-cream liquid milk is used in every 2-oz. block.

"Catch! It's coming over" . . . Nearly half a glass of milk coming over—in a 2-oz. block of Cadburys Milk Chocolate. You should see Cadburys Milk Chocolate in the making—see the fresh, full-cream milk (only the water is removed) being poured into the chocolate within a few hours of milking. Then you would understand why this delicious chocolate is so sustaining and why you can taste the cream.

CADBURYS ALSO RECOMMEND FOR CYCLING—
Cadburys Sliced Nut Milk 2 oz. block, 2½d.
" *Milk, Fruit & Nut* 2 oz. block 2½d.
Bournville 2 oz. block .... 2d.
" *Fruit & Nut* 2 oz. block 2½d.
" *with Roasted Almonds* 2 oz. block 3d.

CADBURYS

2-oz. BLOCKS

£1,450 WON IN CROSSWORD COMPETITION No. 210.

In the above contest, solutions containing one error were received from the following 39 competitors who share the £1,250 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the competition, a cheque for £32 1s. 1d. will be sent.

W. Arnold, Leaside, Earls Barton, Northampton; J. Aston, 84, Castle Street, Cirencester; D. Barrow, 5, Wedgwood Street, Tunstall, Stoke-on-Trent; Mrs. M. Blaylock, 51, East Street, Olney, Bucks; T. E. Blaylock, 51, East Street, Olney, Bucks; Mrs. C. K. Bolland, Great Bedwyn, Wilts; C. R. Brown, 21, Corless Street, Liverpool; Mrs. E. J. Burns, Rhiwinder Farm, Tonyrefail, Glam.; H. J. Butler, 6, Torrens Road, Brixton Hill, S.W.2; Mrs. Clifton, 15, Hillview Gardens, Hendon, N.W.; J. Cochrane, Maida, Camberley; R. Condron, 53, Phoebe Street, Salford; A. Fryett, 49, Ipswich Road, Woodbridge, Suffolk; C. Gordon, 62, Beacon Hill Road, Newark, Notts; Mrs. G. Guyton, 2, Henry Terrace, Belton, Gt. Yarmouth; D. Hewitt, 68, Ladysmith Road, Didsbury, Manchester; J. Hickman, 20, Wood Street, Alfreton, Derbys; Mrs. A. I. Higgins, 10, St. Edwards Terrace, Clifford, Boston Spa, Yorks; F. Higgitt, 64, Selly Oak Road, Bournville, Birmingham; Mrs. B. Holden, Oak Dene, Cop Lane, Preston; Mrs. M. Iddenden, 41, Stankope Road, N. Finchley, N.12; Mrs. J. C. Jones, Greenwich House, Bala, N. Wales; A. Kemp, Allwood Green, Rickinghall, Diss, Norfolk; V. Leighton, 39, Vale Road, Windsor; W. G. Merchant, Hussar Hotel, Margate; B. Newhouse, 22, Pendle Street, Skipton, Yorks; E. Palmer, 38, Salisbury Road, Grays, Essex; W. Pilkington, 79, Starcliffe Street, Bolton; Mrs. J. Prescott, 75, Grant Street, Blackley, Manchester; L. H. Richards, 25, Audley Road, Levenshulme, Manchester; W. Roberts, 9, Percy Road, Bexley Heath, Kent; R. Sandford, 25, Park Lea Road, Blackburn; Mrs. M. Stringer, 14, Sticklepath Hill, Barnstaple; E. Thomas, "Hen Barc," Min-y-Don Avenue, Old Colwyn; A. A. H. Voisin, St. Lawrence, Jersey; T. Walker, 197, Over Lane, Belper, Derbys; C. Warren, 14, Naburn Street, Newington, Hull; Miss E. F. Weston, 21, Victoria Parade, Kew Gardens, Surrey; J. Wilson, 5, Dukes Brow, Blackburn.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, May 23, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 597 competitors, from whom we received solutions containing two errors and who will each receive 5s. 1d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

Bonus Winners in Crossword No. 208.—5 competitors qualified to share the £100 offered in this contest and payments of £20 each.

Another Splendid X-Word with a First Prize of a Life Pension of £100 a year and £500 Cash; also prizes for runners-up, appears on Page 28. Try your skill now!

WHAT A DELICIOUS TASTE!

Ask any user of the new Milton toothpaste why he or she prefers it to any other, and ten-to-one the answer will be "Because of its delicious flavour." Only the other day the manager of a small provincial store told the Milton people that one old lady had got him eleven new customers for this toothpaste *on its flavour alone.*

But please don't think that that's the *only* reason for the tremendous success of Milton Dental Cream. Notice your teeth after using it for a few days. You will see a new sparkle and whiteness about them that haven't been there for years. Even those disfiguring tobacco stains have gone. And yet this wonderful toothpaste contains nothing abrasive or harmful to the enamel of your teeth!

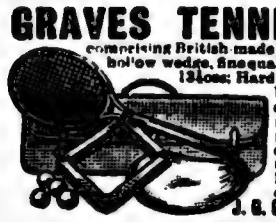
Of course, you would *expect* anything bearing the name of Milton to be something extra-special, wouldn't you? Have you ever read the little booklet which is wrapped round every bottle of the famous Milton fluid? It fairly opens your eyes to what this amazing antiseptic fluid will do. Over a hundred and fifty everyday uses! Milton, you will read, takes all the pain and irritation from wasp and insect bites. A drop of Milton in the vase revives drooping flowers. Milton removes fruit stains from white tablecloths. Milton cleans and sterilises false teeth. And so on—through pages and pages.

And now—Milton have brought out this last word in toothpastes to do for your natural teeth what Milton has done for artificial teeth. Milton fluid and Milton Dental Cream — the good companions of the bathroom shelf! Milton toothpaste—like Milton fluid—costs sixpence.

"I love you" he whispered

Every man thrills at the sight of fresh, new, white skin —the adorable kind of skin you can now have. Make this test yourself with Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood. This now contains whitening, tonic and astringent ingredients, combined with predigested dairy cream and olive oil. It instantly penetrates, soothes irritated skin glands, tightens enlarged pores and dissolves blackheads. Gives amazing new skin beauty and freshness in only three days—such as can be obtained in no other way. Use this new Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood every morning and watch results.

GRAVES TENNIS OUTFIT



competing British made Racket, bevelled frame, hollow wedge, fine quality gut, weights 12½, 13½oz. Hardwood Press; Waterproof Head Cover; 4 Balls in carrying Net; rubber proofed Covert Bag with pocket and straps. Price complete 29/- or 4/- monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. Catalogue of Sports Goods free.

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for all purposes—Poultry, Garden, Garages, Kennels, &c., sturdily built of sound timber in sizes to suit all requirements. Keen Prices. Easy Terms. Poultry House, as illustrated. 8ft. x 3ft. x 4ft. Price, complete & carriage paid to destination 20/6 or 3/6 monthly. Catalogue Free

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Vicar's Fight *for his* HONOUR

FOR eighteen months a priest of brilliant academic distinction, with a thirty years' record of hard and devoted service to the Church of England, has lived in humble seclusion in the county of Kent.

People have asked and wondered with good reason why this man of known merit, still in the full vigour of life, should have abandoned his calling and be obviously suffering privation.

They knew that the members of the church to whom he once ministered honoured him as pastor and man and were proud and happy to possess him. Why, then, his withdrawal into obscurity and his long silence?

It has been a silence sternly self-imposed to save his family from almost inevitable peril at the outset of their promising careers. Only when they were safely launched in life could the seal be taken from their father's lips. He has waited for the day when he could speak.

That day has come.

The man is the Rev. Rowland Wormell, a former chaplain to the Forces and for fifteen years vicar of Christ Church, Dartford, Kent.

His story is one of courageous sacrifice at the crisis of a splendid career. He has been maligned in political vengeance, his honour as a husband and father has been grievously assailed, and he has lost his church and livelihood.

But now that the truth can be told it is inconceivable that his sentence will not be revoked and his good name and position restored to him.

His record

It has to be understood that Mr. Wormell, a son of the late Dr. Richard Wormell, who was president of the College of Preceptors, is not a priest of the conventional type. Except for a period of service at the fashionable church of St. George's, Hanover Square, his work has always been by choice among the poor, and he shared the lives of the poor.

He made the public-house a part of his parish. From his earliest days in the Church he was to be found in the campaign against enforced Prohibition, but agitating as a leader of the True Temperance Movement for the right use of beer and the reform of the public-house.

It was typical of him that at the hour the Great War began he enlisted as a combatant, serving in the naval air wing under Commander ("Dare Devil") Samson until the ecclesiastical authorities withdrew clergymen from the fighting forces.

Then, in the most populous parts of London, he became for the rest of the war a kind of generalissimo in the work of public protection and succour in enemy air raids. Wherever bombs were falling, there Wormell was to be found, directing, pacifying, and tending the wounded.

His wide outlook on life, revealed perhaps by methods uncommon among the clergy, was known to the bishops he served, and more than one of them expressed in writing their understanding.

It could not be mistaken that wherever he ministered his energy, sincerity, sympathy and warm-heartedness won him affection.

At the end of the war Mr. Wormell was appointed vicar of Christ Church, Dartford, in the diocese of Rochester. There, in a community which at the time was exclusively working-class, he had wide scope for his special characteristics.

Troubled by the economic plight of the people whose lives he so intimately observed, he undertook the study of political science at London University, and, adding to his previous academic laurels the degree of B.Sc. in economics, threw himself wholeheartedly into the cause of the Labour Party.

Automatically, when elected to the Town Council he became the Labour leader. He next turned his attention to the Parliamentary representation of the district, and it was unquestionably largely in consequence of his activities that the constituency changed its political allegiance.

From that day Mr. Wormell became an object of a hostility so fierce that in the end it ruined him.

He helped to found in the neighbourhood a residential licensed club named the Green Room Club, which was patronised by Service men at the naval and artillery depots of Chatham and Woolwich. Afterwards it became the centre of a political society of which he was the leading member and instructor.

The Rt. Rev. M. Linton Smith, Bishop of Rochester

Nearly three years ago Mr. Wormell visited the club one night by invitation to attend a charity dance. He was waiting in the lounge for an army officer to drive him home, when two police officers entered.

Everyone present, including the vicar, was summoned and fined £5 for consuming liquor after permitted hours. The defence was that there had been no illegal drinking and that the glasses which the police found were empty and had been on the tables for a long time.

Mr. Wormell's legal advisers proposed an appeal, with the certainty of success. His churchwardens, however, counselled against this course, declaring that they were satisfied of his innocence.

Bishop's summons

Moreover, the then Bishop of Rochester, the Right Rev. J. R. Harmer, had his representative in court, and upon his report satisfaction was expressed that there was nothing in the case of serious moment against the vicar.

Sixteen months passed. Dr. Harmer retired and the Right Rev. Martin Linton Smith became bishop.

Without specific reason being given, Mr. Wormell received a summons to appear before the new bishop.

The interview was brief and pointed. Because of the Green Room Club case and the vicar's visits to public-houses, Dr. Linton Smith demanded Mr. Wormell to resign his living on threat of proceedings in the Consistory Court. No suggestion of drunkenness or immorality was made.

Mr. Wormell sought the advice of Mr. George Lansbury, M.P., Leader of the Labour Party.

"You must not allow the bishop to compel you to resign," wrote Mr. Lansbury. "I should compel him to turn you out rather than accept his dictation."

Mr. Wormell recognised that if he faced a Consistory Court he would be almost certain of conviction. The Clergy Discipline Act under which he would have been charged incorporates the seventeenth century Puritan canon forbidding clergymen to frequent inns and taverns.

He was technically guilty, and his sentence would have been at the discretion of the bishop.

The Rev. Rowland Wormell, who made courageous sacrifice at the crisis of a splendid career

But graver considerations had to weigh with Mr. Wormell.

His elder son was concluding his articles as a solicitor.

What would be the effect upon him if his father's name was publicly flaunted in a Church prosecution?

His only daughter was on the eve of election as a prefect of the famous Roedean School.

Would she be likely to succeed?

Children first

His other son was in his last term at Sandhurst and about to graduate with his commission into the Army.

Would the commanding officer of any regiment be likely to accept the son of a man with the stigma of the Consistory Court upon him?

Mr. Wormell took the heroic course. He determined that his children should not also be made to suffer on the threshold of their careers. He signed a deed of resignation.

Much worse was to come.

Mr. Wormell had another interview with the bishop.

On this occasion Bishop Linton Smith told Mr. Wormell that he had received information regarding him to the effect that he:

Had been co-respondent in a divorce suit.

Was the father of three illegitimate children.

Had been "rolling drunk."

Mr. Wormell replied that he had never been a party in any divorce proceedings, he had never in any way sinned against his marriage bond, and had never passed the bounds of sobriety.

The bishop was, of course, privileged, and doubtless it was his duty to say these things to Mr. Wormell. He could not have had any idea that Mr. Wormell's enemies were creeping under the protection of the episcopal apron.

The bishop even proposed that Mr. Wormell should go before a confessor and retire to a place of penitence to rehabilitate himself.

Mr. Wormell had no reason to be penitent or to seek rehabilitation. With further enquiry, the bishop would have discovered that the information which had been supplied to him was completely false and malicious.

When Mr. Wormell confided to his family the terrible nature of the reports made against him, one of his sons sent a letter of protest to the bishop. In reply, the bishop wrote that the information regarding Mr. Wormell having been in a divorce case had been supplied by a "responsible person," but it seemed since to be inaccurate

"I repeated the stories current about your father," the bishop explained, "without asserting their truth or untruth."

"Your father," the bishop further wrote, "must rehabilitate himself in some measure before I can ask another bishop to give him an opportunity in his diocese."

Mr. Wormell next received from the bishop an offer of £50 to help his family "*if and when you leave Dartford.*"

The vicar refused. He went into the wilderness bearing a magnificent testimonial from his congregation signed by every member of the Church Council.

In his seclusion Mr. Wormell has tried in vain to have the aspersions upon his family integrity and personal honour withdrawn.

Free to speak

Now, after a year and a half of virtual banishment, Mr. Wormell is free from the shackles of silence. His daughter has finished her education, his elder son's position in the legal profession is assured, and his other boy is an officer in a famous regiment.

In the generous-minded Bishop of London Mr. Wormell has found one good friend.

He asked him to investigate the case, and we presume he has done so, because he has given the ex-vicar his licence to officiate in the London diocese if the opportunity occurs, and has written that he would endeavour to have an apology made for the reflections upon Mr. Wormell's character.

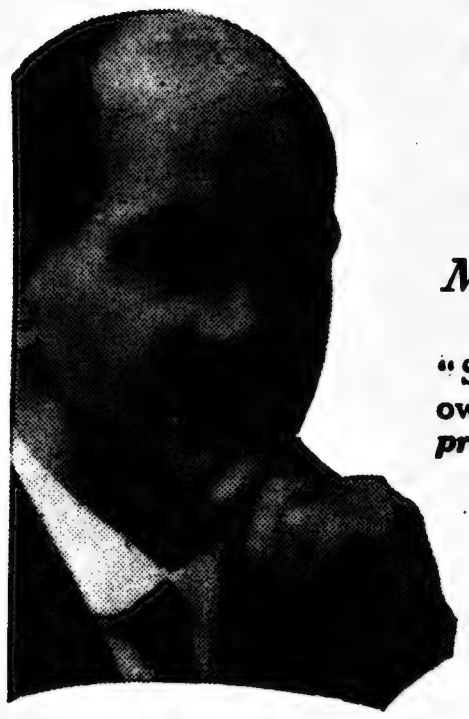
But no apology has been forthcoming.

Mr. Wormell has no means of obtaining redress. Let us suggest one.

On the platform and in the Press Mr. Wormell has been a perfervid critic of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's recent political policy. That will not influence the Prime Minister in his consideration of this proposal.

It is that he should order a close examination of the facts to be made, and if the report justifies the course present Mr. Wormell with a Crown living, however small.

Only by a gesture of the kind will there be any real hope of this suffering and innocent man having his honour publicly restored.



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They give prompt relief and comfort. Even Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers yield to this treatment. This is the famous "White" prescription used by hospitals everywhere for stomach trouble—

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Try them NOW and prove for yourself that "White Lions" are

POSITIVELY the World's Greatest Remedy for Acid Indigestion.

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GIVE YOUR HEART THIS NEW LEASE OF LIFE!

Healthy Heart, Hearty Health.

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic No. 632** (known as "Blue Lion" Fox Nuts) will **strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys.** Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription and be normal in a few days. **Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 632.** Prices **1/9** (50), **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144), **13/-** (432 pills). This prescription **prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down condition and stops your failing-to-pieces feeling.**

Can be taken alternately with No. 470 (Brain Sparklers) with marked benefit. See below—paragraph headed "Depression." Order one of each and feel 10 YEARS YOUNGER!

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QUICK RELIEF & COMFORT FOR KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLES

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Kidney and Bladder Troubles, such as Cystitis Prostatitis, Chronic Congestion, with associated Gout, Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up at nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the **Shadforth "Bladder Comforters."** Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and *without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment* they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. **Stop worrying!** Start taking this **proved** remedy **now** and be quickly restored. **Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 285.** Price: **2/6** (50), **4/6** (100), **13/-** (300 pills).

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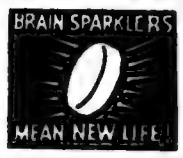
It is **vitally important** to keep your arteries young, **especially if you are over 40 years of age.** Many people who have been carried off during dangerous illness would have pulled through if their arteries had not imposed too great a strain on the heart. Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries, are now possible for those past their prime. The **"Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment** for Arterio Sclerosis, rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! It gives prompt relief from **palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness**; it leads to permanent restoration and makes you feel years younger within **28** days. **Get it now. Prescription No. 1168 T. Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6.**

FOR MEN AND WOMEN NEAR AND OVER 40.

DEPRESSION

NERVOUS BREAKDOWN, BRAIN FAG, LOSS OF MEMORY, DEBILITY AND NEURASTHENIA.

"Brain Sparklers" the greatest of all mind and nerve tonics. These magic pellets cure mental depression, relieve the strain on the brain, **make you brighter in an hour and a new man or woman in two days.** "Brain Sparklers" dispel **Absentmindedness, Loss of Memory, Despondency, Fear of Failure, Frowns, Irritability, Lassitude, Neurasthenia, Run-Down Conditions, Sleeplessness, Weakness. Doctors prescribe "Brain Sparklers"** for Civil Servants, Editors, Journalists, Lecturers, Pressmen, Politicians, Preachers, Teachers, and all Brain Workers. **Ask for "Brain Sparklers" (Shadforth Prescription No. 470.) A proved remedy.** Prices **1/9** (25), **3/3** (50), **6/-** (100). Don't fail to try this wonderful tonic. It **Stimulates** and **NOURISHES** your nerves but does not harm the heart or stomach.



(can be taken alternately with the Heart Tonic) No. 632). That is to say, take No. 470 for a few days and then No. 632 for a few days and so on. (See No. 632 above).

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"NEVERILL"

OLD SALTS.

A SPOONFUL A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY.

The best morning Saline for **Biliousness, Constipation, Disordered Stomach,** Sluggish Liver, Bladder and Kidney Troubles, Gout, Rheumatism, Feverishness, **Obesity,** etc. Drink it **first thing every morning.** Tasteless with your tea. **For Sparkling Eyes, Clear Complexion, Tip-Top Fitness and Joie de Vivre.** Make it a daily habit! Ask for **Prescription No. 565K.**

BRACING DAILY TONIC!
PRICES:
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IN AIRTIGHT TINS.

MORE FAMOUS WONDER-WORKING REMEDIES—WHICH DO *YOU* NEED? ORDER TO-DAY!

ALL WITH FULL DIRECTIONS.

No. 2000 Constipation, Sluggish Liver, Biliousness. **1/3, 3/-.**

No. 263 Headache, Neuralgia, and all Nerve Pains. **2/-, 3/6.**

No. 32 Sleeplessness. Sound Sleep without Drugs. **2/6, 4/6.**

No. 74/T Acute Gout, Muscular Pains, Uric Acid Troubles. **2/6, 5/6, 10/6.**

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No. 2457 Critical Time Tonic for Ladies. Price **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144).

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By WILLIAM SHADFORTH, Ph.C.

PUBLISHED AT 2/6, and containing 92 pages packed with valuable information. Gives over 4,400 references, the meaning of doctors' scientific terms, and suggests simple home treatments for complaints and ailments where advisable.

A BOOK EVERYONE OUGHT TO POSSESS.

These medicines may be obtained direct from us, or from any chemist. If purchasing from chemist send receipt for medicines, together with this coupon, and the book will be forwarded post free by return. Book No. A.249, "John Bull," May 13/33. J.B.9.

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'Ware this Wireless Set Snare

WIRELESS traders throughout the country should beware of the Spyda Electric Company and its web of quickly changing office addresses.

And, in view of the following facts, they should certainly think twice before parting with money to this concern.

The Spyda Electric Company is owned by the F. A. Wireless Co., Ltd., and is a will-o'-the-wisp wireless-set manufacturing organisation which established itself a few months ago with a head office at 2, Edgbaston Street, Birmingham.

I find that it has advertised largely in trade papers, offering wireless sets at attractively low prices.

The advertised offers have been so inviting that wireless traders all over the country have posted orders to the Spyda Electric Company, trustingly sending cash in advance.

But though this company started so auspiciously, it fails miserably when it comes to the question of delivering the goods. Nor does it return the money of disappointed and indignant customers!

Evasions

There have been endless evasions, unconvincing talk of letters of complaint not being received, and unsatisfactory attempts to explain the long delay in delivering sets ordered by dealers who sent cash. But clients are still without satisfaction.

Since April, I find, this company has changed its address with surprising frequency.

Opening at Birmingham, it soon closed down these premises and moved to the address of Woodwork Supplies, Meetkine Street, Wednesbury.

Later the company opened up at Spyda Works, Rose Yard, St. Augustine's, Norwich, and later still moved to a private house in Godfrey Avenue, Whitton, Twickenham.

In this way a web of addresses has been spun out by the Spyda Company in such a short time that traders who have sent orders are bewildered in their attempts to get in touch with the principals of the concern.

Investigations show that the address in Godfrey Avenue, Whitton, is really the home of Mr. H. Elliott, who is a director of the Spyda Company. And strangely enough it is also the home of a Mr. K. J. Day, who also appears as a director of the company

But when irate wireless traders succeed in getting into touch with Mr. Elliott or Mr. Day at the Whitton address, they are referred to the Spyda Company, Rose Yard, St. Augustine's, Norwich!

A busy scene in the despatch department of a flourishing wireless factory . . . Alas! there seems to have been no such activity in the Spyda Company

Mr. Day, who usually answers the telephone at Godfrey Avenue, is full of apologies for the long delays in dealing with orders. He avoids the question of returning the money which has been sent with orders, but promises that the sets will be delivered from Norwich as soon as manufacturing difficulties have been overcome

In addition to being a director of the company, Day has also acted as sales manager for the Spyda Company. But after securing orders in various parts of the country, he has been disappointed, he says, about the delay in delivering sets to dealers.

He is so upset about this unfortunate state of affairs, he told a recent enquirer on the telephone, that he was "now out of the company."

In spite of this declaration, the fact remains that his home address and telephone number are still being used as the address of the Spyda Electric Company.

A wireless dealer of Barnsley had the misfortune to send the company two cheques for screen-grid sets. The second was sent on March 25, 1933, and both cheques, I note, were quickly cashed. But the dealer concerned is still waiting for his sets.

It was not long before he discovered that the Spyda Company had removed from Edgbaston Street, Birmingham, and he could get no reply to his letters and telegrams demanding delivery of the goods ordered.

Eventually ne traced the firm to Rose Yard, St Augustine's, Norwich, and early in April he was told that Woodwork Supplies, of Meetkine Street, Wednesbury, Staffs, another address of the Spyda Company, would definitely deliver the sets within three days.

Queer letter

But the sets never arrived on the date promised, and the dealer continued to demand, without success, the return of his money.

He then sent a stamped telegraph form to the Norwich address of the firm, but this was ignored. At last, in reply to a postcard, the applicant received a letter written by hand on plain paper as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—Please find enclosed your p.c. I am sorry I know nothing about your money or receiver here, but I can give you the name of the man to whom I think you refer—H. Elliott, 1, Godfrey Avenue, Whitton, Middlesex. This is his private address."

The mysterious writer of this letter failed to sign his name.

The next chapter in this amazing story of the Spyda Electric Company concerns the modest two-storied suburban house in Whitton.

Mr. H. Elliott and Mr. K. J. Day, who are both directors of Spyda, have lived at this address for many months.

Mr. Day is still busy on the telephone at Godfrey Avenue offering plausible but unsatisfying explanations concerning the delay in delivering sets for which dealers paid months ago. And he still talks blithely of delivery, presumably at some date in the distant future.

When an indignant dealer rang up the house in Godfrey Avenue a few days ago, Mr. K. J Day was bright and brief. Mr. Elliott and his good self were sure that the caller would get delivery from the Norwich address, where the business was now being carried on.

Mr. Day was apparently unaware of the anonymous writer at the Norwich office of the Spyda Electric Company, who had referred this same dealer to the house at Whitton.

Meanwhile there are complaints about this company and its methods from many parts of the country, including Chesham, Bucks, Burton-on-Trent, Letterkenny and Portsmouth.

They all refer to non-delivery or non-return of cash by this company whose web has entangled many honest traders.

Further investigations reveal some interesting facts about the directors of the company, who appear as H. Elliott, F. G. Arthurton, and K. J. Day.

In 1932 a Mr Harold Elliott was describing himself as managing director of the Spyda Company, and Mr. K. J. Day was at that time sales manager.

Tangled

Other records show that on September 1, 1932, a Mr. Harold Elliott, of 29, Benton Road, Birmingham, and George Arthurton, of 134, Northgate Street, Great Yarmouth, were directors of Elton's Radio, Ltd., of 2, Edgbaston Street, Birmingham.

This latter address, strangely enough, is the same as that from which the Spyda Electric Company first began operations.

Mr. Harold Elliott also traded as L. Lyans and Co., of London Road, Twickenham, which was registered in July, 1931. The sole proprietor of this concern was Mr. Harold Elliott, of 1, Godfrey Avenue, Whitton, Twickenham.

From this it can at once be seen that Mr. Elliott is a man of wide business interests It is unfortunate that the Spyda Electric Company, with which he has been so closely associated, should change its address so frequently, only to settle down at last in that unpretentious house in Whitton.

Meanwhile, with so many traders complaining about the non-delivery of wireless sets and clamouring for the return of their money, the directors should certainly be made to give some more satisfactory explanation than is provided in the absurdly unconvincing excuses which have so far been forthcoming.

Weekly Informations from
MAJOR-GENERAL Sir Wyndham CHILDS

Clever Mrs. Green

TO Mrs. Blanche Green, of Palmerston Lodge, Bembridge, in the Isle of Wight, the first prize of £1,250 cash, which she has won in our Crossword Competition No. 209, is a veritable god-send.

Mrs. Blanche Green

Mr. and Mrs. Green and their family of three make their home in a very humble little cottage in the heart of Bembridge, and, when interviewed by our representative, Mrs. Green had just finished the Monday's household washing.

"We are going on just as usual," she said. "Of course, I'm delighted with the prize, but my husband and I are not going to lose our heads over it. I had been talking to our little boy, and he said, 'If only I had £200!' when a knock came at the door and I was handed this telegram from JOHN BULL."

For two years Mrs. Green has had a big share of misfortune. Her little boy, aged seven and a half years, was playing aeroplanes with another youngster when he was hit in the eye. Meningitis followed, and he died in hospital at Ryde. Mrs. Green herself has been in the same hospital for three months and has had two operations for internal trouble. Her husband is a jobbing gardener, and last week was the first full week's wages he had drawn since last September.

"I have plenty to do with the money," said Mrs. Green. "I must do something to repay the kindness of the hospital where I was an in-patient. And by the time I have repaid all the friends who were good enough to keep us going during our time of misfortune I shall have dug a good way into the prize-money."

The news of Mrs. Green's success caused great excitement in the village. "We have already received over six hundred congratulations," she told our representative. "My husband and I kept count of them. I hardly knew what to do with my poor arm at the end of the first day!"

The winner of our big prize is delighted at the thought that, since her husband will not be always able to work, there will be money to assist them when that time arrives.

This is the first prize ever won by Mrs. Green, though she is an old reader of JOHN BULL and has sent in solutions occasionally.

So even if you have never won a prize in any competition before, a square from page 36 may put £1,250 into your pocket or provide a £500 cheque with a life pension of £100 a year to follow. See what *you* can do with this week's problem!

The GREATEST OFFER ever made

ALL-BRITISH CLOTHING

TWEED COAT only 235 2d packets

BRITISH-MADE solely by British labour from sturdy North of England Tweed. Lounge jacket cut in new Spring Style. Three buttons on cuffs. Very attractive heather pattern. Chest measurements: 32, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 42. Take measurement *over* waistcoat.

PULLOVER only 45 2d packets

A WARM, LIGHT AND SNUG-FITTING GARMENT from a famous Leicestershire firm. Made only by British labour. V neck—no sleeves. In grey, blue, fawn, and the new fashionable green.

grey FLANNELS only 125 2d packets

BRITISH-MADE solely by British labour from a specially fine, hard-wearing All-British flannel of good mid-grey shade. Latest style, full-cut, belt loops and buttons, two sidepockets. Sizes: Legs, 28 to 33 inclusive; Waists, 30 to 40 (even numbers). When ordering please state waist and inside leg measurement required.

ALL *THREE* GARMENTS for 375 2d packet fronts

IT WON'T TAKE TEN YEARS to get the unemployed back to work if you take advantage of this stupendous offer.

Another example of "SPORTS" All-British Gifts

SOCKS

25 2d. Packet Fronts

Full-length all-wool socks. British made with very comfortable but long-wearing ribbed knit. Black, Navy, Army Grey, or Heather. Sizes 10", 10½" or 11".

B.D.V SPORTS CIGARETTES 5 for 2d

NOW ALSO IN CARTONS 10 for 4d.

(Each 4d. Carton contains 2 packet fronts).

GODFREY PHILLIPS, LTD., PROPRIETORS

Outrageous Treatment of BRITISH SEAMEN

BEHIND a recent newspaper report that three seamen had been sentenced at Port Talbot Police Court to seven days' imprisonment lies a grave national scandal.

The men—William Hall, Alexander Tennant and Edward Jenkinson—were certainly more sinned against than sinning.

They were guilty of no criminal offence but simply victims of a system which is incredible in the cruelty and injustice it implies.

They were charged with "sleeping out"!

Not a very terrible indictment, you may say; but how terrible to think that the only solution that authority could offer to their difficulties was the temporary one of finding them shelter in prison for seven days.

All were unemployed; all had tramped long distances across country in the hope of finding a ship, and, being without means, had been forced to "sleep out" in the area of the docks.

If the sad case of these three men were an isolated one it would be tragic enough; but our enquiries reveal that their plight is being shared to-day by countless other British seamen.

Following an unwarranted rumour that a boom in anthracite was giving a fillip to shipping in certain areas there has been a veritable trek to South Wales ports.

Hardship

Men have tramped there even from the North of England on a prolonged march that was 10 per cent. hopefulness and 90 per cent. hardship. And in the end they have met only with disillusion.

The majority of these luckless jobseekers are men of a very fine type; honest, efficient seamen with excellent ships' papers and records of war service on land or sea that would furnish many a chapter of wonderful heroism.

So long as they retain a few coppers with which to pay for a bed they may continue their weary search for work unmolested.

But once their slender means are exhausted they may easily find themselves in the same plight as the three seamen who have just been sent to jail.

Where does the real trouble lie? One answer to this question is provided by one of the luckless wanderers himself—a Mr. Joseph Green, whose home is in Manchester.

Medallist

He holds both the Military Medal and the Distinguished Conduct Medal, but in his desperate search for a ship he is doomed to wander tired and hungry across the length and breadth of the land for which he sacrificed so much.

When our representative found him he was standing in the crowd outside the Swansea Dock gates. He had done dismal sentry duty there for four successive days, only leaving the docks at nightfall to search for some corner where he could hide his pitiful destitution from the law.

Like all the others, he had been attracted to South Wales by glowing reports of a boom in anthracite shipping, and on the way from Manchester he had fallen in with numerous seamen who were steering their course in the same direction.

His military discharge papers, which we have seen, bear witness to his courage and patriotism.

He served with the East Lancashire Regiment from early in 1915 until May, 1919, gaining his M.M. and D.C.M. for gallantry on the field of battle.

"The law of the land seems to make no provision for fellows like myself who are genuinely seeking a ship," he laments. "We are penalised at every turn. Suppose we apply for relief—they offer us a ticket to go into the workhouse to sleep and in return we have to put in a day's work. We don't mind working, but the unfair part is that by having to stay and do it we can't get to the docks in time. The loss of a possible berth aboard ship after months of unemployment and starvation seems a high price to pay for a night's lodging. Yet that's what it really amounts to."

Scenes like this are familiar enough at many docks to-day, where men who have tramped miles in search of work are turned empty away

Green knows full well the dangers that hang over the heads of seamen who cannot afford a bed and who take the risk of sleeping out. It is almost inevitable that they will find themselves before the magistrates sooner or later and be forced to cool their heels in jail for seven days, during which time they may easily lose a ship.

Bitter search

The most lenient treatment they may expect is that they will be asked to give an undertaking to leave the town at once. Many men have been required to give this undertaking and their bitterness after tramping several hundred miles in search of work may well be imagined.

It is not so long since one man in this predicament made a most impassioned plea in court.

"I think it a scandal, as a Britisher who fought for his country, to be asked to quit a town," he declared. "It is unfair to ask us when foreigners are drawing 14s. parish relief—foreigners who do not pay twopence towards the support of the Empire. Last Tuesday night I slept in Trafalgar Square. I walked to Newport and applied there for relief, but was refused. . . . I am ready and willing to work and to take on almost any kind of work."

This man's plea was futile. He was sent to jail for seven days.

Determined to escape this crowning ignominy, Green and others tramp several miles out of town each night in search of some ditch or corner of a field where they may rest undisturbed and without incurring the law's displeasure.

This they do nightly after a weary day of waiting in the queue at the dock gates! And they must rise before daylight in order to get back to the docks to resume their heartbreaking wait for a ship!

Help him!

All the docks of the West Country and South Wales are full of seamen like this. In some areas sympathetic shipowners have offered to allow seamen to sleep aboard ships that are in dock when they have no other refuge. But a difficulty arises in the police regulations which prohibit people with no definite work from entering the docks after dark.

When the plight of the British seaman is so desperate it seems terribly unjust that he should be further penalised and harassed by restrictions and regulations which were framed long before his particular problems arose.

With so much shipping lying idle unemployment is inevitable, but there is surely no reason why something should not be done to ease the lot of the British seaman in his desperate quest for work.

GOLD MINE LURE

THERE are always philanthropists who are ready to give the British public its "big chance," and the latest offer of this kind comes from an office in Manfield House, Strand, London, W.C.

It emanates, in fact, from a Mr. Charles Knight, who is described as the "authorised agent" in this country for a company registered in Canada, known as the Walsh-Katrine Gold Mines, Ltd.

* * *

This was formed some years ago to exploit a gold mine in Ontario. In a previous raid upon the pockets of British shareholders, made about four or five years ago by touring salesmen, its shares were described as a permanent investment, certain to yield large dividends and give 300 or 400 per cent. capital appreciation.

They have turned out to be a "permanent" investment all right! But there have been no profits to date.

However, this does not diminish the optimism of certain gentlemen now operating in this country.

They have been calling upon the long-suffering investors in the Walsh-Katrin Gold Mines, Ltd., with a highly interesting story.

It seems that the profits so confidently anticipated in the past have been held up through technical difficulties, which have delayed progress in working the mine.

But at long last the great gold rush is really to begin! The directors have been fortunate enough to secure the co-operation and support of another company, also registered in Canada, called Northern Metals, Ltd. And great achievements are expected to follow.

It is only fair that the investors in this country who have so patiently supported the Walsh-Katrine Gold Mines should now be allowed to reap the full benefit of this latest development.

So, as "authorised agent," Mr. Knight and his colleagues are now offering shares in the Northern Metals company at the special rate of 4s. a share.

* * *

And, according to the rosy stories unfolded by these philanthropists from Manfield House, the 4s shares will be worth £1 or more by next December!

The more shrewd investors may perhaps wonder why, if the shares have such potential value, it should be found necessary to employ personal salesmen to sell them in this way.

But the fact is that the shares of both the gold mine venture and the metal company are unquoted on the London Stock Exchange.

The offer is certainly one in which the greatest caution should be exercised.

The Sporting Guide

A week's racing programmes with alphabetical index to horses engaged; an indexed summary of past racing; informative turf jottings from expert racing journalists; key to overnight selections and exclusive greyhound notes and recent trial results.

These are some of the features which account for the ever-increasing sales of *The Sporting Life* Weekly Edition, published every Saturday, price twopence.

GREAT GOLD PLOT EXPOSED—

RECENTLY the dollar commenced a crazy dance in the money changes of the world, swung in violent fluctuations worth 4s. 6d. one hour and 5s. 6d. the next. And it is still dancing.

Its wild fluctuations follow a remarkable attack on the United States by a gang of international speculators; an attack which—skilfully planned to coincide with the growing clamour of American Middle West public opinion for inflation—had its climax in the abandonment of the Gold Standard by the United States.

And that abandonment paved the way for the dancing dollar, which is now providing the same gang of speculators with enormous profits.

Who are these men who can successfully attack that holy of financial holies, the Gold Standard?

Shortly after Britain left the Gold Standard there were references in many newspapers to the activities of the Balkan Gang. But the true story of the Balkan Gang has never yet been told. Here it is.

The story of the Balkan Gang is the story of the biggest gang of international financial speculators in history, and it has as its background the crashing of currency in the hectic post-war years.

What happened to the dollar happened to the pound two years ago. It has happened to the franc, the mark, the Polish zloty and half a dozen of the currencies of the Central European nations.

Competent financial observers have assessed the profit of the Balkan Gang on the recent dollar plunges at over ten million pounds sterling. Not bad for about two weeks' work!

Now, with the currencies of the world unsettled, they are attacking the franc and the Dutch guilder, the last "gold" currencies. By so doing they are increasing the difficulties in the way of a return to international stability.

Personal gain

To them nothing matters but their own private profit, and though it would be foolish to over-emphasise their power and importance, they have wrought enormous damage.

They are the vultures of finance.

A country strong financially is impervious to their attack, but they watch always for the signs of domestic difficulty, for anything that can be magnified to create nervousness on the part of investors and lead to a flight from a nation's currency.

The banking crisis in the United States gave them their opportunity just as the "Economy Crisis" in Great Britain in 1931, heralded by the famous May Report, gave them their chance to attack the pound.

Who are this Gang, and how do they work?

Some years ago Chicago listed Al Capone and his allies as "public enemies" and outlawed them. But this group of international racketeers, beside whom Capone was an angel of peace and light, have never been pilloried in the way they deserve.

The precise identity of each member of the group is shrouded in mystery.

They do not even act always as one group, but occasionally split up and conduct operations separately. Nor are they all in the same centre, for in these days of rapid telephonic and telegraphic communication that is not necessary.

And the fact that they operate from different centres, sometimes separately and sometimes together, makes it more difficult to combat their activities, makes it almost impossible to say who they are, and who are agents and who are principals.

Frequently they may operate through a perfectly respectable bank or exchange broker who are merely carrying out a client's instructions to buy and sell dollars; while their trail is also confused by many imitators who operate in a similar fashion on a smaller scale, so that it is frequently difficult to say just when the Balkan Gang are in the field and when they are not.

Gang of ten

But there are strong grounds for believing that there are some ten permanent members of the Gang, though sometimes outside speculators are brought in to help in a particular coup, while even the permanent members appear to be only closely linked by a common interest and a common technique rather than by an elaborate organisation.

Do not imagine a sinister and secret headquarters headed by a master crook. Such conceptions belong rather to romantic fiction than to actual fact.

The Gang are more dangerous than that, for if there were a central organisation, however secret, it would be discovered sooner or later by the financial experts of the Bank of England, the Bank of France and the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, who make it their business to try to discover all the secrets of international finance.

The very success of the Gang depends upon their elusiveness—upon the fact that no one knows from where the next attack on a currency will come, and by whom it will be initiated.

But this can be said. They operate exclusively from the Continent, and chiefly through the Paris Foreign Exchange Market.

Method of attack

It is from there that their attacks on the cash-boxes of the nations are launched. The Paris Bourse is used as the spear-point of the attack, and flank advances are made from Amsterdam, Berne and Berlin.

Their method of attack is very simply explained in a sentence—*they merely "sell" the currency of the country they have decided to plunder.*

They "sell" an enormous amount of the particular currency for delivery, say, a month ahead. When the selling movement gets thoroughly under way the exchange value of the attacked currency drops, and the Gang then buys for delivery at the much lower price and collects the difference.

As a simple illustration, they will sell forward, say, £100,000,000 worth of dollars when the dollar stands at 3.85, or 3,850,000 dollars for £1,000,000. In the interval the dollar sinks through widespread selling to 4.25 to the £1, or 4,250,000 for £1,000,000. The Gang then deliver their 3,850,000 dollars when the time comes, making a profit of the difference—namely, 400,000 dollars.

On the face of it this process is merely the old "bear" tactics which take place every day on every Stock Exchange in the world—selling shares "forward" in the expectation that they will drop when the time comes for delivery.

Post-war fortunes

But this international group of money-riggers do not work merely like that. They are not just content to wait on events. There is plenty of evidence to show that they often set events in train. *Their* hands pull the levers of collapse in a currency.

They learned their trade in the years just after the war. That was when the group first came together. They specialised then in Balkan currencies at a time when those States were in a ferment and the whole map of Central Europe was being remade.

They made fortunes and perfected a technique of plunder on those cur-

THE GA

". . . there are members of the behind the scen world," and thei shown here, i

rencies which earned fo nickname of "the Ball which they bear in hig circles even to this day.

That technique they s day. Part of it is an en elaborate spy system have built up and an in of scare propaganda.

They are able to call and financial advisers, so quite innocent of the which their advice is to international centres al world.

Moreover, as clients of big international banks cleverly able to call upon gence services of these b formation which they c their own use, a use qu from that intended by themselves.

In addition, the mem Gang have their spie

G that BLEEDS the WORLD

capital in the world. Some of these spies know the use to which their information is to be put. Some of them merely believe themselves to be agents of international traders who require first-hand information about world conditions for legitimate commercial purposes.

Press reports and Government proceedings concerning political and industrial conditions in all countries are constantly sifted and examined in conjunction with the spies' despatches.

There are continual conferences, often by telephone, during which all this information is discussed by the chiefs of the Gang and their technical advisers.

A trade dispute, the fall of a Government, a default on a debt payment is sufficient for the Gang to set the ball rolling. Often they know of these contingencies before the public of the affected countries knows of them.

With enormous financial resources behind their publicity department, they at once commence to exaggerate and distort the news, or rumours, of misfortune in the country whose currency they have selected for plunder.

Money is poured out by them through channels of information and opinion to effect this end. It is nothing for them to spend a half-million sterling on a lying but intensive panic-raising campaign. They know that they get it back in the end with a handsome profit.

Wild report

An example of these tactics occurred two years ago during their attack on the pound.

The Invergordon "mutiny" was seized upon then as a Heaven-sent opportunity for intensifying the attack on the pound that had begun with the publication of the May Report, which convinced many people that Britain's finances were not as sound as had originally been thought.

The Press of the Continent was filled with wildly distorted accounts of this event, all of them disseminated by the Gang. For a whole day following the receipt of the news in London, half Europe believed that the entire British Navy had mutinied. Some of the Continental reports stated that the men had murdered their officers, that ships had been sunk, that martial law throughout England was being declared, that the Constitution was in danger of collapse.

Unabated

In spite of official denials and the truthful restraint of reports in a few of the leading newspapers, the lying rumours persisted.

At the same time, the Gang began "selling" the pound heavily on every Continental bourse, starting the downward trend. All their financial resources, which are known to run to many millions, were thrown into the "pool."

With the panic on the pound started, they could sit back and collect their winnings, which they did. It is estimated that they cleared at least a cool £1,000,000 out of the Invergordon week.

Their first attack on dollar last October was preceded by a similar lie campaign. Rumours concerning American instability and exaggerated reports of unemployed uprisings were circulated throughout the European Press.

Dollar panic

Simultaneously, the dollar was sold heavily. The swing down started, and gathered pace. The Government Bank in Paris became uneasy and brought back across the Atlantic £50,000,000 of gold out of its stock held "ear-marked" in the Federal Reserve vaults in New York.

For a time it was touch and go whether a first-class panic would take place, but finally, and with the assistance of Britain, the dollar survived the storm.

President Hoover declared afterwards that at one time America would within less than a fortnight have been driven off the Gold Standard unless the rot had been stopped, in spite of her immense wealth, just as Britain had been driven off it a year before.

At the present moment Britain is about the only bulwark of defence against the Balkan Gang's efforts to throw the world's currencies in chaos and reap vast profits.

Fortunately for Britain, the Bank of England and the Treasury have been too much for the Gang. When we left the Gold Standard the Exchange speculators looked for a joyous period during which the pound would fluctuate violently, an' they would be able to make large profits.

But instead Britain alone among the nations forged a weapon to beat them. It is called by the fearsome title of the Exchange Equalisation Fund, or the E.E.F. for short.

It has consisted of a nest-egg of £150,000,000 held by the Treasury in dollars, francs, marks and other gold standard currencies, and last week was increased by another £200,000,000.

"Big stick"

It is a "big stick" that we have used more than once on behalf of other countries rather than directly for ourselves.

It works very simply.

Suppose the Balkan Gang start *selling* dollars against pounds. Then our Treasury, through the Bank of England, at once starts the reverse process. It *buys* dollars against pounds. It uses the E.E.F. for this purpose, and the whole matter then develops into a duel to decide who has the longest purse.

Of course, the whole effect of this manœuvre by the Bank of England depends on the Bank starting early enough, and thus preventing or arresting a panic on the attacked currency.

The E.E.F. has used its whole weight on at least ten occasions during the past year. On eight of them it foiled the Gang and stopped a panic.

On two occasions it lost the winning trick—in the recent dollar crash and in the similar event last October. On both occasions it was trying to prevent the dollar from falling and the pound from rising in terms of the dollar, because such a rise hits our export trade.

The E.E.F. is now being used to help to stem the new onslaught on the franc and the Dutch guilder which the Gang are developing.

It is because of this last effort, perhaps, that Mr. Montagu Norman broke off his recent Eastern cruise at Marseilles and hurried back to confer with the head of the Bank of France.

Serious problem

The E.E.F., built out of the British taxpayers' money and directed by the often much-maligned gentlemen at our Treasury and the Bank of England, is to-day the only potent weapon in existence against the machinations of the international money sharks who batten on national disaster.

It is the sole safeguard against the tremendous forces let loose in a money panic; and there should, of course, be no need for it.

If the nations would agree together on a common currency plan based on mutual support, and create a sane, ordered world out of the present chaos, then financial racketeers like the Balkan Gang would vanish, because all their opportunities for gain would be gone.

As it is, they are flourishing, beyond the reach of the law of any country, permitted to carry on their work of sabotaging civilisation for their own profit.

How much longer will they be allowed to carry on? It is a question that should provide serious food for thought for the famous statesmen who in Washington have been ruefully surveying the dented countenance of the once almighty dollar, and discussing the world's economic salvation.

DOGS *MUST* PURIFY THEIR BLOOD in Spring

YOUR dog's forefathers were able to condition themselves in Spring by taking the blood correctives which Nature provides among certain wild grasses and herbage. These are beyond your dog's reach, out on the open moorland, and so you must give him his spring-conditioning by providing him with **Bob Martin's Condition Powders.**

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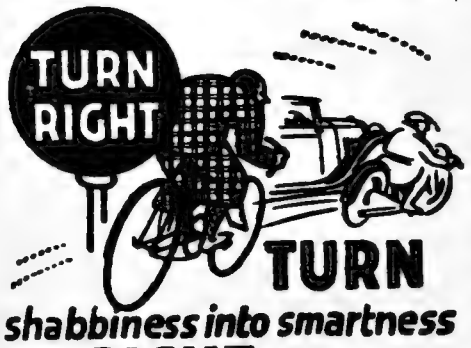

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My Thrilling Baptism AT SEA

"JOHN BULL" Readers' Stories —35—

"I saw the gleam of a long, thin knife too near my throat to be comfortable"

WHEN folk used to ask me that old question, "What are you going to be when you grow up?" my reply was always the same, "A sailor."

But my father seemed to think that I would look much better on a stool in an office, so one day, when I was eighteen, I cut the knot of home ties and decided for myself.

A fortnight later found me in Liverpool pretty well at my last gasp.

My next problem was to find a suitable boarding-house, and I kept accosting anyone wearing a blue jersey or looking like a seaman.

"Can you tell me how to get into a seamen's boarding-house?" I asked innocently again and again.

I expect that a good many folk went home that night chuckling about the "green" youngster who was plodding round the town.

But my patience had its reward, for I found a big rough chap just off a ship who was about as full of liquor as he could be

"You come with me, son, and I'll take you to my show at Pitt Street and Mrs. —— will put you on. But you must say you are a fireman."

At last we got to the place, and, after being given a good meal, I felt like being anything they chose to make me, on any ship that ever sailed.

I agreed to sign away a month's wages for my board and keep.

The next night about ten of us were told to stand by a boat which was leaving that night for South America, and here, at last, I was to realise my ambition.

What a time I had persuading that engineer that I was an experienced fireman! Visions of again being flung out to sleep on the streets in the snow—when my ambition was so nearly being realised—made me plead pretty hard.

Imagine my relief when the engineer said, "Hey, you, get to the purser's office and sign as fireman."

Lucky at last, with ship under my feet and signed on as one of the crew, I gladly signed the advance note for a month's pay that seemed a cheap premium for such a wonderful chance.

ON entering the fo'c'sle I got mixed up in a general *melee*.

Those who were not too drunk to stand were heaving chunks of cooked meat at each other and anything else that came handy.

Good meat had not been too plentiful with me for a long time, and so, seizing a not-too-battered lump of my mate's ammunition, I found a quiet corner and set to with great relish.

It appeared that we were due down below in a few minutes, and as everybody was making some sort of effort to change, I got out the few bits of gear that the boarding-house people had given me.

It became more than ever obvious that I was a "first tripper," and therefore fair game for all the brutal jests that were going.

We followed each other out on to a grating that seemed, by the look of the red glare under it and the mounting fumes, to be the entrance to a veritable inferno.

A steep iron ladder led down, and I, being about the middle man, had all the old hands behind me.

Of course, I wanted to go gingerly, but the fellows above had different ideas, with the result that I was lucky to reach the bottom at the expense of a few crushed fingers and a bruised head.

The engineer of the watch then sorted us out, and I was given four fires to tend. Not wanting to appear a weakling, I immediately grabbed a shovel and opened the fire door nearest to me—to be met by a shower of red-hot coals!

IN my anxiety to look like an old hand, I had opened the door without turning off the air blast, a thing no old hand would ever do.

Somebody shut the checks, and to cover up my blunder I started to try to fling some coal into the furnace. But I had not got that little flick of the wrist that sends the coal far back in the fire. Instead it formed in a little heap at the front and the remainder slid down the front, back on to the floor.

I don't think that my efforts at all impressed the engineer, for I was soon told that I was disrated to a trimmer with a decrease of pay.

I was taken up a dark tunnel and given a barrow, which I had to fill with coal and bring along to the stokehold.

The terrific heat, the slippery plates and the effort required to run that iron barrow of about eight-hundredweight of coal soon changed my ideas about the romance and glamour of going to sea.

I also had to help smash a huge pile of clinkers through a grating, and I finished my first watch with my shins devoid of skin and my body feeling like an ache-filled sponge.

Compensation in the shape of a good meal awaited me, and after a bit of horse-play from my mates, I got into a bunk and tried to find a soft spot for my sorely-bruised limbs and tired body.

* * *

With so much that was novel around me, the time passed fairly pleasantly, and I soon got used to the ways of my comrades and the different conditions of ship life.

The wonderful sunshine and clear skies that I was able to enjoy when off duty, coupled with the natural resilience of youth, helped to soften the crudities of life below decks.

We called at Vigo, Corunna, Leixoes and Lisbon, and, schooldays not being too far away, these brought many pictures of those old sea-dogs whose battles hereabout had been responsible for my sea-longing.

The picturesque sight of the hundreds of Spanish and Portuguese emigrants that we took aboard at these places was an unending source of interest, and after a few days at sea with them I managed to pick up a few words of their language.

There was one fellow, named Jem Roche, who was a real pal to me, and guided me round many an ugly corner.

But I was the witness of numerous acts of savagery and destined to be the recipient of many a blow out of the dark, or a jar or bottle would sail down the alley that ran along our quarters.

I found that some sort of feud existed between the firemen and the greasers, which had been carried over from the previous trip, and several gruelling fights took place between one or other of the crew.

AT length we got to Rio, and all that I had gone through was more than compensated by a sight that will remain with me for ever.

By day it almost takes one's breath away, but at night the Southern Cross hanging in the sky like some wonderful crucifix, with the purple of the towering Andes for an altar, and the twinkling myriad lights of the town below, conveyed the impression of some vast cathedral.

I said something like this to one of my mates who was by my side at the moment, and thus let myself in for another pack of trouble. It turned out that his opinion did not run to cathedrals, and I came in for a torrent of abuse.

A call at Santos and we left for

(*Continued on page 24*)

HEMISPHERES LATHERED . . . .

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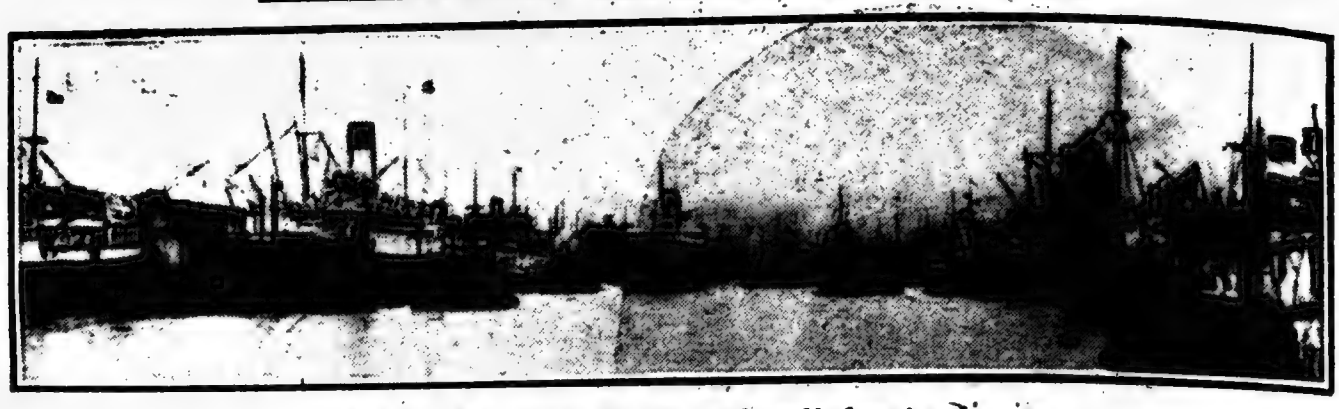
POWDER-CREAM

"MY THRILLING BAPTISM"—Continued from page 22



The docks at Buenos Aires, where our reader's troubles began in real earnest

The Fight in the Hold

Buenos Aires, and here my troubles began in real earnest.

One of the crew had made it his business to give me a pretty rough time, the same one who had resented my remark that Rio was like a cathedral, and after we left Santos he was in a pretty vile temper due to the stuff he had been drinking there.

There are pockets of coal in all sorts of queer places in a ship, and three of us were high up in one of the holds or day, throwing coal into the bunker far below, the only light being that of a smoky lamp.

Standing on this ledge, with a black void all round, was a pretty nervy job, but it did not improve things when my mates told me that I was going to do the work while they looked on.

When I joined the ship I was rather weak and dispirited due to the privation that I had gone through, but good feeding and exercise had given me a bit more muscle and spirit, and I told my two mates that they were going to do their share.

This was the signal for the two of them to make a rush at me and, wielding their shovels, catch me a nasty crack in the ribs.

In the scramble that followed, one of them disappeared down into the darkness, giving a pretty horrible yell as he went.

But his luck was in, and when we reached the bottom our comrade was there, winded, but intact, having fallen into some soft coal.

For my part I decided that it was time that this fellow and I had a straightening up, and by the light of the lamp we gave each other as good a pummelling as we could manage.

We did not observe any particular rules, and it was two very weary-looking objects that finally crawled back to their quarters.

When we had been in Buenos Aires for a couple of days, things came to a head between the two factions that made up the engineers' crowd.

It was terribly warm at night, and we were sleeping on the hatches, all passengers being off.

I WAS awakened rudely by somebody turning me over and striking a match to peer into my face.

With a shout of "Here's one of them," I got an awful crack with some weapon, and this seemed the signal for other assailants to come along, uttering the vilest threats.

I got ready to make a bolt for it. They were absolutely crazed with the local liquor, which I learned in later years is made from a mixture of methylated spirit and fruit juice and is called *canya* or *cusach*.

As I dashed along with about half a dozen of these dope-crazed fiends howling behind, I passed several knots of firemen and greasers engaged in a free fight.

I noticed the gleam of a few knives as I went, and the whole ship echoed with the screams and curses as one or another hit the deck.

I managed to reach the steerage, which was like a huge birdcage divided into smaller birdcages. Here I was able to watch my pursuers in the light of the few lamps that were left on, searching for my inoffensive self, one with a sheath knife and one with an iron bar.

But eventually they gave it up for a bad job and left me to lay and listen to the screams and moans going on up above.

One fellow came in with his face covered in blood, but I dare not disclose myself, as I did not know but that he might give me away.

Things became quiet towards morning, and plucking up courage I made my way on deck. What a sight awaited me!

Broken wood and bits of torn clothing were all over the place, and lying by one of the ship's boats was a greaser, stabbed in several places.

I thought I had better make for the bridge and get some help for him, and as I mounted the companion two pair of hands seized me.

But I was all right this time, for the bo'sun and mate were the two on the warpath this time.

AFTER satisfying them that I was not one of the rioters, but a victim, I was taken to the skipper's bathroom. I got a much-needed wash, and with one or two more refugees I was allowed to remain aft for the rest of the day while the *Vigilantes* and Consul made a clean-up of the crowd.

Next night my friend gave me a few *pesoes* and told me to get ashore and have a look at the town, but to be careful what I did, as it was not a place for a strange lad.

Of course, I managed to lose myself after a tram ride, and found myself in a narrow lane.

At length, I saw a typical *gaucho* coming along in the brilliant moonlight. Walking straight up to him, I started to say the few words I had learned from the emigrants in an effort to find my way.

Judge of my surprise when he growled out some words that I did not understand and I saw the gleam of a long, thin knife too near my throat to be comfortable.

After the ordeal of the previous days, I think my nerves must have got pretty frayed, and the next thing I remember was two people bending over me, speaking in gutteral tones.

But when I spoke it was with relief that I got a reply in my own tongue.

After explanations, I learned that I had been mistaken for a beachcomber. The *gaucho* had simply drawn his knife in self-defence, because beachcombers, crazed with *canya*, had been known to attack anyone to gain the price of a drink.

My two new acquaintances, finding that I was not armed in any way, undertook to see me to my ship.

At last we got our cargo of meat aboard and shipped a few new hands to replace those who were casualties or prisoners; then on to Ensenada to complete, and so once more down the River Plate toward home again.

My desire for the sailor's life had begun to wear a bit thin by now.

But fate had one more thrill in store for me before I finally got off that ship.

After the usual watch in the stokehold we had to do an extra two hours up in the 'tween decks, throwing down coal as I have previously described.

Some of my mates called me to the far end, and in making my way to them I slipped through one of the hatches that had been left open!

I fell about 30 ft. into the bunkers below, striking my head on one of the stringers as I went, and tearing one eyelid pretty badly.

When I came to I was being carried up through the engine-room, and my sensations were none too pleasant.

After being patched up by the ship's surgeon, I laid for a week in my bunk, and I saw the other side of my queer mates.

I had only to ask for anything and there was a general rush to get it, and after the cook had left the crew's galley there was a general competition as to who could make the best stew for me.

BEFORE we reached Liverpool again I had recovered enough to do light duty in the engine-room, cleaning brasses, and when New Brighton Tower came into view I felt glad to know that my sea days were over.

But I had smelt the brine and the sea had got in my blood, and within a fortnight I had signed on again.

The war claimed me later, but during all the time I served I had no more thrilling time than I experienced as a "First Tripper."

NEXT WEEK'S reader's story tells of a narrow escape from a mountain death-trap in Albania.

The "Greatest of These—" Fund

A Shooting Tragedy

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD LEONARD recently suffered a nasty shock. His daddy allowed him to accompany him on a pigeon-shooting expedition. He had a gun licence for the purpose and full permission to shoot these birds, which made a welcome addition to his scanty larder, as he has been out of work for several years, and he, his wife and four children were trying to exist on 8s. earned by the eldest girl and food-tickets allowed him in exchange for parish relief work.

Leonard

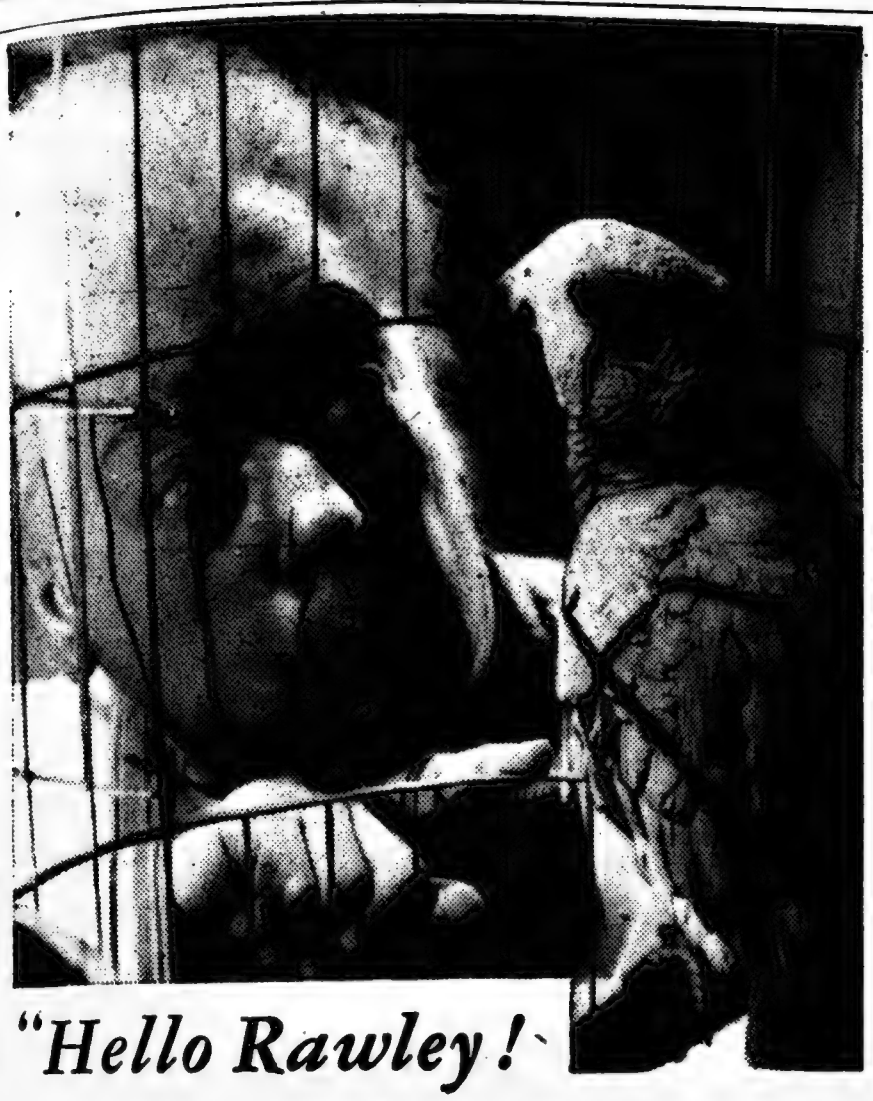
So Leonard trotted off gaily with his dad to help to bring home a pigeon or two. And then something happened! The boy's father accidentally shot himself, and was taken to the hospital in a critical condition.

Leonard's mother, who is at present in a weak and critical condition, writes that her husband is recovering slowly, and will need care and nourishing food when he returns home.

Meantime, she has to keep the home fires burning on 16s. 6d. benefit from a club her husband belonged to and the 8s. from her seventeen-year-old daughter. The other kiddies' ages are eleven, seven and one and a half years.

Our readers will remember our appeal for "Edward" in our issue dated April 8. Edward's father writes: "I thank both you and your subscribers for so generously responding to the appeal which you kindly published. I wish to let the subscribers know they have brought happiness to my home and children."

Donations for "Leonard" or the fund generally should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. We acknowledge, with thanks, "Lent Sacrifices, Dudley."



"Hello Rawley! Hello Rawley!"

"Rawley indeed, what next! *Hello Rawley! Hello Rawley!* Talk, talk, talk—you'd talk yourself blue in the face if it wasn't green . . . Always the way when I'm starching or ironing. I believe you're jealous of the bird on the packet . . . What? . . . *Oh, my stars, what language!* . . . It's a pity you aren't as well behaved as he is—there'd be no complaints, I lay . . . Nonsense! Keep quiet for five minutes, you wicked old rascal . . . And don't hang upside down so much—all the blood will rush to your 'ead."

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Spendthrift Wives —the ONE REMEDY

THIS institution we call marriage—what a strange thing it is. There is scarcely anybody who has a good word to say for it. Music-hall comedians and humorous periodicals joke about it. Cynics belittle it. And the newspapers and courts continually remind us of its many failures.

Marriage—often attacked, and easy to attack! Ridiculed and assaulted on all sides! And yet it has persisted through the centuries, and still continues, in spite of every obstacle.

Why? Because the wedded life is unquestionably the ideal relationship for a man and a maid—because life has few greater gifts to offer than a happy marriage. Despite the noisy assertions to the contrary, there are thousands of those who marry "and live happily ever after."

But, having said that, let me deal with some of those troubles that imperil this union between a man and a woman.

A short time ago some statistics were published relating to the divorce court, and they seemed to show that a greater proportion of unsuccessful marriages were due to the fault of the man rather than to the fault of the woman.

On a percentage basis that may be true, but it is unquestionable that there are black sheep in both sexes.

There are men, hard-working and respectable, who have to contend with nagging and discontented wives. There are women, capable, sympathetic and understanding, who are treated as doormats by ill-mannered and cruel brutes who call themselves men. And so homes that should be happy are darkened with worry, want, and, what is sometimes worse, indifference.

Fragile link

When these things happen marriage hangs together by a thread, and constantly is in danger of snapping apart.

Here is just one case showing the man's side:

"I married when I was twenty-four, and my wife is five years my senior. I am a clerk in a local brewery, and though my wage is not high, it ought to be sufficient for our needs, as we have only one child. But our home, which ought to be ideally happy, is darkened by one great blot—my wife simply can't help running into debt.

"This is only a small town, and I am ashamed to go down the main street, for some tradesman is always stopping me, asking for a settlement of his account—an account of which I have had no knowledge. I have tried to make my wife see the folly of it all, but she still persists in spite of everything.

"Whatever can I do? I am not a wasteful man myself, and with the exception of two or three shillings I spend on cigarettes, I give my wife all I earn. I am at my wit's-end to know how to check her extravagances."

There are many women like the one mentioned by my correspondent. They simply have no sense of the value of money, and seem utterly indifferent to the consequences of needless spending. They do not seem to realise that it is bordering on dishonesty to buy things they cannot afford. And many a tradesman finds it difficult to make ends meet, simply because his customers will not pay him what they owe. So debt carries in its train a host of evils.

I can quite understand just how my correspondent feels. It seems to be the only blot on his escutcheon. There he is, obviously in regular work, with a steady income and a wife and child. But his life is haunted by his wife's extravagances.

Now what is to be done about it? If she cannot mend her ways, then drastic action must be taken. He must himself become the family chancellor of the exchequer. He must inform tradesmen that he will not be responsible for debts except those incurred by himself. He must obtain from his wife a list of her requirements, and do the ordering himself.

This is a drastic remedy, but the only one, I think, likely to cure spendthrift wives.

But before putting it into action, I advise my correspondent to tell his wife of his plan. Perhaps she will then see that he means serious business, and will mend her ways. If she does not, a few weeks' experience of her husband's plan should bring her to her senses.

The extravagant wife returns laden with parcels, regardless of whether her husband can foot the bills

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The woman's view

Now let us look at the woman's side of the story. Here is a case in point:

"My problem," writes this woman, "is perhaps like that of a great many more wives. My husband has always been kind and loving to both our little baby and myself, and we could have been so happy with him. But it all goes for nothing. He is a gambler.

"Unknown to me he has taken money from the business and squandered it. When asked about it, he first lied and denied it, but finally admitted how the money had gone. I have talked to him, pleaded our love, warned him of the ruin that must follow. At the time he promises it shall never happen again. But a few weeks later he breaks out again, and it is followed by the same lying and the same promises to amend in the future.

"Now I feel I can endure it no longer. Though he wants to try again, I have no faith in him. I know he cares for me, but I am sure the only remedy lies in my leaving him. This, I feel, would test his sincerity and give him the chance of proving himself, and perhaps bring us in the end the peace and security we have never had."

It is not an easy matter to advise my correspondent. She alone knows the terrible agony of all she has gone through. The gambling fever is a ghastly complaint, and with the exception of drug-taking the most difficult of any to cure.

Gamblers are always incurably optimistic. They are like Mr. Micawber—certain that "something is bound to turn up." And whilst they are waiting for that to happen, lives and homes are ruined.

There is a great danger that this will happen in my correspondent's case. But is she quite sure that breaking-up the home, even temporarily, will improve matters? Is it not possible that the removal of home ties, and the lack of a wife's steadying hands, would only plunge this husband still deeper in the mire?

What this wife is anxious to do is to cure her husband's complaint—not aggravate it. And it would be a tragedy for her and for her child if the husband went completely wrong

After all, as things are at present, he is "kind and loving to them both." I therefore urge her to strive to keep the marriage intact.

Another interest?

Has my correspondent a relative or friend who could exert some influence? Or could the husband not be induced to take up some hobby or outside interest that would take his mind away from the temptation of gambling?

I know it is hard to deal with a man upon whose word you cannot rely. But the victory, if it comes, would be well worth the struggle.

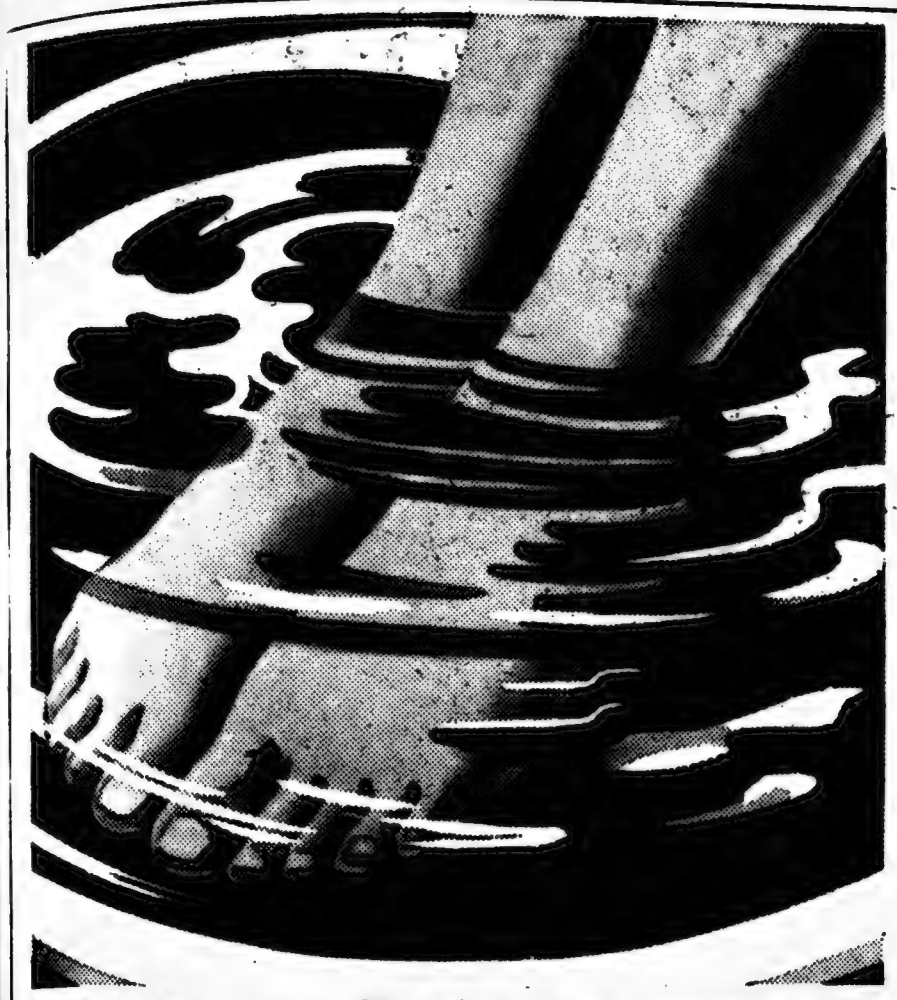
And here is a case where a separation has actually taken place. It is that of a woman who tells me her husband held a good position, but drink and other women led him to take money from his employers, and he was sentenced to imprisonment.

The letter goes on: "He is out of prison, and constantly writing to ask me to take him back, but I feel afraid to trust him. You see, if he went astray again, I should feel what a fool I had been." And the letter ends with this question: "Ought I to give him another chance?"

Now there is this difference between the cases of the two women I have quoted. In this latter one the husband has had to pay for his folly by being sent to jail. That punishment may have cured him. He may have seen that the only game worth playing is the straight game.

If he is prepared to give an undertaking to this effect I suggest that my correspondent should give him another chance. The very fact that she has written to me shows that she is hesitating on the point. It is only fear that is keeping her back.

"One blessed feature about women," as the late Mr. Justice McCardie said, "is that they forgive men." I hope this woman will forgive her man, and that she will be blessed in the doing of it.



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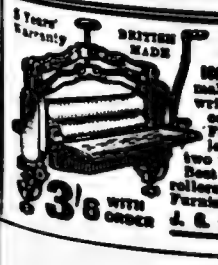

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GROCERS Know a Thing or Two

THIS month about two hundred and sixty young grocers go up for their Final Examination.

You probably wonder what grocers need to learn, except how to wrap up parcels, add up bills and discuss the weather. What do they want with examinations?

But next time you enter a grocer's shop listen to some of the questions customers are asking.

Nowadays they want to know where the goods come from, whether they are Empire or foreign, and whether there is a tariff on them.

They ask the assistants about vitamin contents, calories and carbohydrates. And they consult them about the most economical cut of bacon, the best way to make tea or coffee, how to cook macaroni and when to pickle eggs.

The customer is being encouraged by doctors, the Press, political parties and a strained purse to study food from every aspect; and it is essential to the purveyor of food that he should keep ahead of the public in his knowledge of his goods.

The numerous young grocers who have been through the three-years' course and passed the examinations organised by the Institute of Certificated Grocers know every branch of their subject thoroughly.

And not only must they know about the commodities they handle from the practical and theoretical side, but they must have a good working knowledge of book-keeping, arithmetic, salesmanship, Acts of Parliament affecting the shopkeeper, and business methods in general.

The Final Examination is held in two parts, the first half some time before the practical part and consisting only of written work.

Here are one or two representative questions from the first part of this year's examination, giving an idea of what the grocer must know apart from his practical accomplishments:

"A retailer commences the sale of a range of packed compound articles such as egg substitute powder, baking powder, etc. How can he protect himself from complaint under the Food and Drugs Act, 1928, otherwise than by means of a warranty?" (Law paper.)

"Having missed the order from a weekly customer, you enquire the reason, and are informed that a reduced income compels her to buy at a less expensive shop. How would you, as a salesman, deal with the situation?" (Salesmanship paper.)

"What Empire country exports the largest number of eggs to us during the season of normal scarcity? What effect has this on the home market?" (Commodities paper.)

Those who pass the first half of the Final Examination attend at one of three centres for the practical test, now held in London, Manchester and Edinburgh, so that Northern competitors do not have a long and expensive journey South, as was the case up to a year or two ago.

Tea-tasting

The North, by the way, is keener than the South in this competition. Last year 72 entries came from Southern England, 150 from the North and 55 from Scotland.

Tea-tasting is one of the most difficult tests at the practical "exam."

Each candidate stands before five or six cups and the tea is infused. After it has stood for about two minutes the competitor tastes it, without sugar or milk, lets it linger on the palate without swallowing a drop, and studies the characteristics of the flavour and strength. He also examines the appearance of the liquor and the infused leaf.

After considerable practice it is not difficult to name the country of origin in the case of a tea with a well-defined flavour. Darjeeling, for instance, has a "muscatel" flavour, Assam tea has a malty taste and is very pungent, Chinese teas are aromatic and very pale, whilst Ceylon produce has an exceptionally fine flavour and appearance.

An examiner testing samples of the coffee which have been roasted by the students

In another room some of the candidates may be trying their hand at coffee roasting. Generally they are given a sample of roasted berry and asked to match it with the colour of their roast.

The coffee beans are roasted in wire gauze drums, heated by gas or electricity. An experienced roaster seldom opens his drum to see how the beans are progressing, but judges by the way they are crackling. The novice, afraid of letting the berries burn, usually turns them out too soon, but the expert produces them with a fine chestnut colour.

Butter's origin

Part of the practical test in provisions is an "identity parade."

On benches along the side of the room are huge blocks of butter of all shapes and sizes, some cut up and some just as they have been turned out. The candidates are asked to state the country of origin and to differentiate between butter and margarine.

Most housewives probably would think the latter a simple problem, but actually it is not easy to tell which is best margarine and which is cheap butter. One fairly reliable test is to pull a thread through and light it. If the smoke has a tallowy smell the fat is probably margarine.

The country of origin is found by studying the quality and shape. Most countries have their own packs for butter, varying from half-hundredweight boxes to pound rolls.

One of the most severe tests consists of working out the selling price of the various cuts of a side of bacon. The cost price and weight of the side are given, and the percentage profit required.

The entrant is then asked to explain by a diagram how he would cut the side into twelve or thirteen accepted cuts—flank, gammon, long loin, and so on—and the price per pound he would ask for each cut, considering its comparative value.

The weight and selling price of each cut must be calculated to give the required profit after allowing for a little waste in cutting. Approximate prices can soon be found by those who have practised this test thoroughly, and then a penny is put on here and taken off there until the correct total is obtained.

The parcelling test is a nightmare to the clumsy and to those whose mental arithmetic is not of the brightest.

An assorted and ungainly collection of jars and packets is set out on a bench, with a price-list at hand. The "victim" must invoice the articles correctly and add up the bill, then checking them off and parcelling them neatly. It is usually a case of "more haste less speed," except with the old hands.

Candidates for the Final Examination must first pass at least two other examinations, the First and Intermediate, and in some cases the Preliminary. Preparation for each takes at least a year, and the courses are taken either at night-schools or by correspondence.

Ambitious Youth

Over one hundred technical schools hold special classes for grocers, who usually attend two or three nights a week. About 30,000 samples are distributed annually to students and teachers at these classes.

At the First and Preliminary Examinations there are English and arithmetic papers besides those on technical subjects.

The literature set for study includes Shakespeare, Dickens, Stevenson and Scott, for it is realised that a grocer in a good-class shop must have a sound knowledge of his native tongue and be able to talk easily to any customer.

Despite the dislike for work attributed to modern Youth, figures show that hundreds are anxious to get on in their trade and willing to sacrifice their leisure to educate themselves.

In 1910, when the examinations were instituted, there were 65 candidates. Four years later the five hundred mark was passed, and since the War the totals have gradually mounted until this year over one thousand sat for the First Examination alone, and the total for all examinations is 2,188.

Hiked Round the World

You don't need to be a millionaire to "globe-trot." John Carveth Wells has just returned from a hike round the world on £2 a week.

He thoroughly explored North America, Southern Asia, and Africa, and when his money ran out, "my portable gramophone sang for my supper in all sorts of pubs, shacks and huts."

Wells' own story appears with his own photographs in this week's *Passing Show*, out to-morrow, Friday.

Corns Ended!

Why put up with corns or get only temporary relief when 'Freezone' Corn Remover will end them completely? A few drops on any corn instantly stops the pain and soon the corn loosens and comes right out without hurting. A 1/3 bottle from Boots', Taylor's, Timothy White's, or any other good chemist, will remove every kind of corn or callous.

"My Mummy's good to me—
I'm never chafed and never scurfy!"

CHAFING hurts terribly ... But baby never need suffer if you take Nurse York's simple precaution: "Smooth a little 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly on parts exposed to chafing every time baby is changed," says Nurse York, of London's leading Lying-in Hospital. The purest emollient known, doctors say! A little on baby's scalp *last thing every night*, wiped gently off every morning, will keep baby's scalp beautifully clean and free from scurf.

"Remember us too, please, Mummy"

Children's skins are tender too. They need "Vaseline" Jelly just as much as baby. The safest protection known — for SCALDING, the pain growing children are often ashamed to mention — for CHAPPING — for CHEEKS ON COLD DAYS — for SORE LIPS — a little WARMED TO SOOTHE SORE THROAT — for DANDRUFF. As Nurse York says, "No home should be without *two* jars in constant use." Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Rd, Willesden, N.W.10.

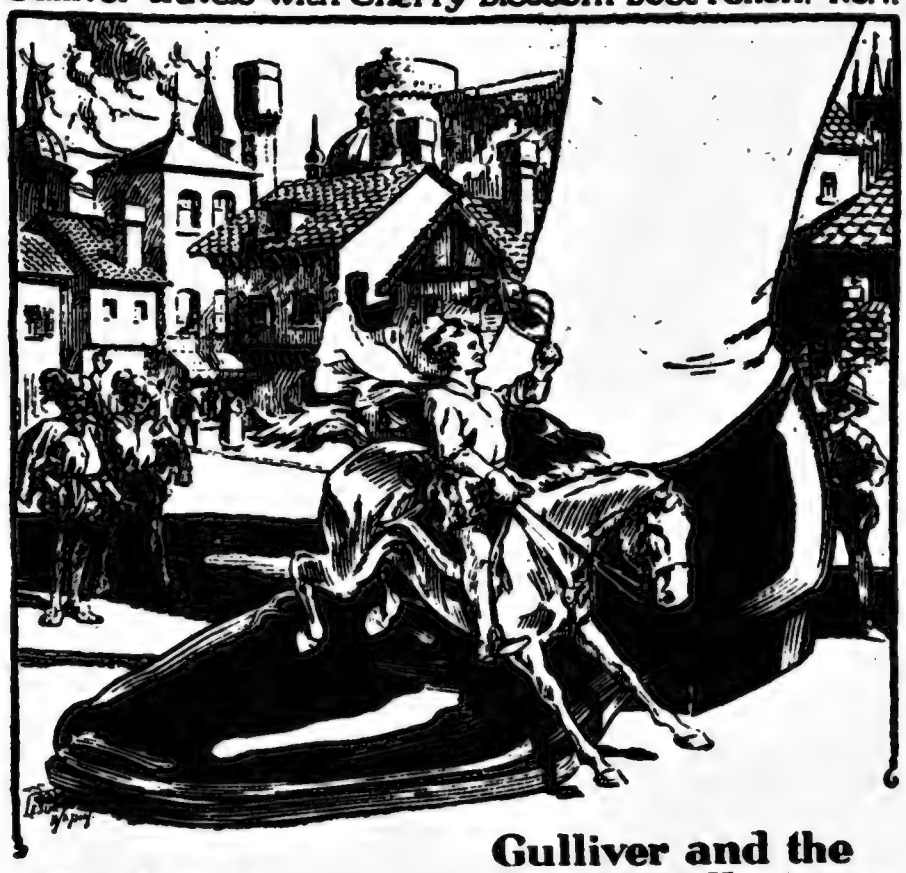
Trade **Vaseline** Mark

Petroleum Jelly

1877

Purest of all Emollients: Jars 4½d., 6d. & 9d.

Gulliver travels with Cherry Blossom Boot Polish. NO. 7.



Gulliver in the record of his travels describes the dexterity of the games at the Court of the Emperor of Lilliput.

Gulliver and the Emperor's Huntsman

"Whether it was to show his daring or whether he was attracted by the brilliant 'Cherry Blossom' shine on my shoes, I cannot say, but one of the Emperor's Huntsmen took a keen delight in jumping over my foot which was indeed a prodigious leap for horse and man so small."

Cherry Blossom
BOOT POLISH

Black, White, Brown, Dark Tan & Tenetta.

In tins with easy opener, 2½d., 4½d. & 6d.

Whether you prefer a plain or cork-tipped cigarette, smoke the best

10 FOR 6D
20 FOR 11½D

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PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED

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I Will End Your CATARRH

—HEAD NOISES—CATARRHAL DEAFNESS—

or It Shall Not Cost You **1D**

HAVING DONE THIS FOR MYSELF AND MORE THAN 100,000 OTHER SUFFERERS, I CAN CERTAINLY DO THE SAME FOR YOU

Write to Me To-day on Form Below and I will tell you what to do

FREE

I WAS a terrible sufferer from catarrh for several years and tried everything I could hear about, sometimes without any success, sometimes obtaining a little temporary relief. The real banishment of my trouble, however, always seemed as far away as ever.

At length I started seriously experimenting for myself and whether by skill or good luck I will not attempt to say: but I did definitely rid myself of this trying, unpleasant and persistent ailment.

Complete Relief from Most Difficult-to-Dislodge Complaint

Since then I have devoted all my energies to passing on to others in like plight the good news of how they can once and for all be rid of Catarrh, Head Noises, Catarrhal Deafness, Headaches, Indigestion and Dizziness, and thousands have written me their grateful thanks.

I make no charge whatever for the information I send to sufferers. If they follow my advice the cost is quite small and the method so successful that I am able to say to everyone who writes to me that I **will guarantee to rid them of their Catarrh or it shall not cost them one penny.**

In these circumstances I have no hesitation in advising every sufferer from Catarrh, Head Noises, Hay Fever, Deafness, Headaches, Heartburn, Indigestion, Flatulence, Dizziness, Colds or Coughs to write to me on the form below, for it will surely mean relief and final freedom from this difficult-to-dislodge complaint.

The information I shall send you free explains how Nasal Catarrh originates—how nostril and mouth breathing is affected. How the germs invade the organs of hearing. Why Indigestion, Flatulence, Heartburn and Constipation so frequently follow this already distressing trouble. And—most important of all—I shall show you how you can surely, speedily and without inconvenience end your Catarrhal trouble once and for all.

In the Spring one should feel rejuvenated, fresh, active, alive and vigorous. If you suffer from Catarrh it is impossible to feel this exuberance, but now is the time of the year best suited to tackle this annoying and unpleasant condition. Catarrh readily responds in the warmer weather to the simple treatment I will explain to you.

Write now on the convenient coupon provided. There is nothing to pay—nothing to promise.

You may if you wish send a 1½d. stamp to cover postage of my reply, but even this is not essential. ALLAN COOPER.

SIGN and POST THIS COUPON

Mr. ALLAN COOPER, 33, Strand, London, W.C.2

Without obligation, kindly tell me how I can permanently rid myself of Catarrh.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

(Please print in block letters.)

JOHN BULL, 13/5/33.

I Broke the COLOUR BA

PAUL ROBESON'S *Greatest Hour*

WHEN I am asked what was the greatest hour of my short life, it does not take me very long to make up my mind.

That hour—it is in no boastful spirit that I say it—was also a great hour for every negro in the United States; was the occasion, a year ago, of my being given an honorary degree by my old University, Rutgers.

Let me explain. Because, if I don't, you'll not see why, of all the supreme moments of my life, this was the one which moved me most.

The three chief Universities in the United States, and the three oldest, are Yale, Harvard and Princeton. Of these, Princeton is in the State of Jersey, and it was in the town of Princeton that I was born thirty-five years ago, the eighth and youngest child of a popular negro minister.

My father, like most better-to-do negroes in America, was passionately keen to educate his children as well as he possibly could. The lot of the negro is not easy in America; and it is at least the duty of every parent there to give his children the best chance he can.

One of my elder brothers thought of trying to get into Princeton. He was told that if he got in there he would be extremely lucky if he got out alive.

This may surprise you. The reason is that Princeton, from time immemorial, has been the University for the Southern aristocracy, for the sons of the rich landowners and planters of the Southern States, who have, for centuries, been taught to regard the negro as a class apart, as worse than dirt.

So my brother did not go to Princeton, not wishing to die so young; nor, when my time came, did I. And to this day no negro has ever been a student at Princeton University.

I went to Rutgers University, a very old foundation—it was established in 1766 and has a magnificent record—in the same State of Jersey. I was but the third negro to enter Rutgers.

Despite cruel race-prejudice, I got on in Rutgers, winning my place in the football team, the baseball squad and the basketball team. I made friends and left a happy man. . . .

It was more than ten years later that I visited Rutgers again.

During those ten years I had become a lawyer, given up the law for the stage, attained fame on Broadway as an actor in "The Emperor Jones" and other plays, and again as a singer of negro spirituals. My work had taken me to the capitals of the world, from New York and Los Angeles to London, Paris, Vienna and Prague. I had become the most discussed member, I suppose, of a race whose lot in this world is not always an easy one.

You can imagine my pride, therefore, on hearing last year in New York that my old University had decided to honour me, a negro and a man in his early thirties, with the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

It was the first time it had paid such a tribute to an artist, black or white, and I was certainly the youngest man Rutgers had ever chosen for such a distinction.

What was even more pleasing to me was the knowledge that it would do the negro race an immense amount of good all over America, giving them just that confidence and self-respect they need so badly.

At the time, I was acting in New York in the revived version of "Show Boat," in which all the original cast were performing. To get over to Rutgers, which is in the adjoining State, I had to motor at full speed out of New York as soon as the show was over.

I ARRIVED just in time for the procession through the town. It was imposing and dignified, and, for me, a very piquant touch was added to the whole affair by the fact that one of the very few men to receive an honour that day was the Principal of Princeton, the University which would not have a negro at any price—the University of my home town. He was a man old enough to be my father, of course.

It was gratifying to me to hear the applause which went up when my name was called out. I think I did not realise until then how much store I set by the approval of my old college-mates. I stepped on to the platform to r my hood the applause was deaf It was a very happy moment fo and for every coloured man wh nessed it or heard about it.

History was made that day fo negro race; now every black ma know, what he did not know an no reason to believe until then, th can get a fair break even in Am where colour prejudice runs so hi

In that brief moment on the pla with the congratulatory formula mured smilingly in my ear by the cipal blending with the uproarious ground of several thousand cla students, I re-lived some of the hours of my student days.

I recalled my being elected first year to the Phi Beta fraternity, my first speech in debate, my being chosen for th America football team, my deli the "Commencement Oration greatest honour Rutgers could and, perhaps most tasty of all, circumstances, the decisive victory Rutgers baseball team, by five runs to one, over Princeton, ou victory in fifty years.

At that time Woodrow Wilson to become President, was Princi Princeton.

NOTHING can ever take awa me the glorious satisfacti that hour. I am conti looking back on it with exquisite sure; it gives me poise and con in my own future and in that people.

No concert or theatre audien equal the applause of one's students; and often, when I co against thoughtless colour-prejud rank brutality, I think of that ho do not grow bitter.

Paul Robeson receiving the honora degree of Master of Arts at Rutge University, the scene of his own colle days

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. When the same "slip" is sent by more than one reader, prize is awarded to first opened.

GIRLS' MIRROR:—"He might have ventured to sit on the SODA beside her."

MOTHERWELL TIMES:—"—— also confessed to having eleven PRECIOUS convictions."

MOTOR WORLD:—"Fatalities were fewer, but not FATAL."

HUDDERSFIELD DAILY EXAMINER:—"Her hair was carefully marcelled and cheeks slightly ROUGHED."

WEST WALES OBSERVER:—"The Hospital Dance held at Pontardawe DECENTLY."

BRIGHTLINGSEA TIMES:—"A salmon weighing 20 lb. 3 oz., and measuring 20 LB. in girth."

EVENING CITIZEN:—"Mr. —— said there were thousands of county subpostmasters who occupied the THIEF position in the village."

BLACKBURN DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"The police looked INSIDE THE EGGS to see if there were any slips."

WEEKLY IRISH TIMES:—"The jury, after a brief ILLNESS, found —— not guilty of attempting to maliciously administering poison with intent to ANNOY."

LANCASTER GUARDIAN:—"He sterilised a pair of tweezers and pulled the splinter out, applying iodine to the WOOD."

BRISTOL EVENING WORLD:—"The bride will wear a tight-FIGHTING mediæval picture gown."

LANCASHIRE DAILY POST:—"—— found him in possession of a revolver, loaded with SIX PULLETS."

ILKESTON PIONEER:—"He had received the communication, and the Engineer would prepare a PORT for the Gas Committee."

Everyone's drinking it NOW!

The enormous advantages of drinking tea produced by one's own organisation under the most perfect conditions in the world are becoming more and more apparent to the British Public. Drink more tea, nothing else can take its place, but insist on one of *your own* blends. Co-operation is open to all.

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A BLEND OF COLONIAL & VIRGINIAN TOBACCOS.. 10D PER OZ.

★FREE TRIAL packet of Empire Blend sufficient for four pipes sent on receipt of P.O. with name and address in BLOCK capitals.

1oz. VACUUM TINS

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15/- TAX 150 m.p.g.

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In 24 hours after the first dose you see and know they are doing you good, and we are convinced that by taking this simple, safe remedy regularly your health troubles will be overcome. You will feel, yes, and look years younger. Don't put off until to-morrow the health you can have to-day. Tried and trusted so many years, a safe, sure family remedy, De Witts Pills will not fail you.

Be sure you ask for and see you obtain the genuine remedy, obtainable from chemists everywhere.

DE WITTS BRAND **Kidney and Bladder PILLS**

Sold only in the blue, white and gold boxes, price 3/-, or the large and more economical size, price 5/-

EXCRUCIATING PAIN AFTER EATING.

10 Years' Suffering Cured at Once.

Every stomach sufferer ought to read the remarkable experience of Mr. McL. of Aberdeen. This is what he writes: "For the last ten years I have suffered from an ulcerated stomach and was simply afraid to eat. For hours after I would suffer excruciating pain. I tried every known remedy but they all proved useless. My case seemed hopeless but a friend told me of his complete cure with Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. I tried it and immediately felt better. After my first two bottles I could eat without the slightest pain. Now I enjoy everything and feel quite a new man.

"Only this week I purchased a bottle from a firm who stated it was the genuine Maclean's. But it had no signature and though I tried it, I found it was *quite useless*. So one has to be careful to see the signature 'Alex C. Maclean.' I have recommended your powder to scores of people and each one has had the same reply, 'Completely cured after first bottle.'"

Have *you* discovered the relief which Maclean Brand Stomach Powder will bring you? Go to your chemist and get a bottle to-day. Be sure to get the genuine Maclean Brand with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

CORNS

Banished For Life

"I have used 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' for years and it keeps me entirely free from Corns."
M. E. P., Hull.

This is typical of thousands of letters from users of 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' who testify to the wonderful effects in quickly banishing corns, callouses and other foot-tortures. The first 'Reudel' foot-bath gives instant relief; two or three more and the worst corn has gone for good. All chemists sell 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' at 1/6 a large packet, 2/6 (double size). Its use will keep you free from corns and ensure feet that are sound, healthy and always comfortable.

GAY GHOSTS of the OLD Alhambra

A GROUP of business men sitting round a table in a London office will decide this week the fate of Leicester Square's famous and historic Alhambra Theatre.

A stroke of a pen and it will be gone for ever, the last of the great London music-halls which were theatres, clubs and "pubs," all rolled into one.

In its place there is to arise a mammoth palace of amusement costing £700,000, complete with sports stadium, beer garden, dance floor, restaurants and billiards halls.

That is all to the good. But there are many thousands of old theatregoers in London and the Provinces and in the distant places of the Empire who will be sorry.

When the housebreaker's pick takes its first bite at that Moorish façade which has stood in Leicester Square since the far-off days of the Crimea, it will strike into a romantic and glamorous past.

A past compounded like a pot-pourri of memories of gas-lit streets and hansom-cabs and "nights in Town," of "can-can" dancers and the corps de ballet—London's first and last. . . . Of "mashers" and "swells" and fair, frail ladies crowding the promenade of the old Alhambra — that promenade which our elders thought so wicked and that bright moderns would think "so quaint." . . . Of great names which have made history on the stage and in the world.

Let us look backward awhile before the dust of the demolition clouds the view for ever.

No theatre ever began with such pious and lofty aspirations. It was opened first in 1854 and was called the Panopticon of Science and Art. Almost all the first shareholders were clergymen and the purpose of the theatre was to give "elevating musical entertainment" and "improving lectures for all classes of the community."

But apparently the public passion for "improvement" was no greater then than now, and after four years the project failed. A bustling showman named E. T. Smith bought up the premises, sold the "grand organ" to St. Paul's Cathedral and converted the place into a circus.

AS a circus, alternating with ballet and variety turns, it continued until the "eighties" the full-blooded type of old-time music-hall complete with a foghorn-voiced chairman. "*Ladies and gents . . . the next turn is ——. Your kind attention, please.*"

The auditorium was packed with tables and chairs where the audience sat "improving" themselves with chops, steaks and beer, while the "turns" were performing on the stage. A bright managerial idea was to provide every patron with a free copy of an evening paper, which in the 'sixties was a luxury.

They provided other excitements also. During the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, the band every night used to play both "The Watch on the Rhine" and the "Marseillaise." Uproar invariably followed between partisans of both sides and the nights ended in a free fight.

But the Alhambra of those days did not content itself merely with providing chops, steaks and beer, free newspapers and free fights. It scoured the world for talent. Adelina Patti first appeared to this audience, then almost a child. Blondin, the tight-rope walker, and Leotard, the trapezist, were others.

There were three milestones in the Alhambra's cheerful career into the 'eighties.

First, in the 'sixties, it became a limited company, the first theatre to be so.

Second, in early 'seventies, it lost its dancing licence because in a ballet called "Les Nations" a certain Mlle. Colonna and her troupe had danced the can-can, then considered the very limit in outrageous immodesty. It had to wait fourteen years before it got the licence back again, and meantime carried on with opera-bouffe and spectacle.

Third, in December, 1882, it was burnt down and the present Alhambra, as we know it, was erected and opened within a year.

Its decoration and architecture were modelled on the famous palace of Alhambra, the residence of the Moorish kings at Granada, in Spain. For years after its opening it was counted as the wonder theatre of the world.

THE new Alhambra began with light operas, which it continued for some time. It produced practically all that have ever been written. Strauss' operetta, the tuneful "Der Fledermaus," which Covent Garden "discovered" so enthusiastically last year, was done at the Alhambra in 1885!

The names which the Alhambra had brought forth up to this period read like a theatrical scroll of fame. Imre Kiralfy, who afterwards started the White City, danced there in his youth. Alias, the famous theatrical costumier, learned his trade there. George Jacobi, the composer, who wrote more than a hundred ballets, was a conductor of the orchestra. Sir Arthur Sullivan wrote his first ballet, the tuneful but long-forgotten "Victoria and Merrie England," for performance there.

Among the music-hall stars there was Niblo, the American gymnast, the follower of Blondin; the famous Sarah Wright, the first of the "high-kickers"—popularly known as "Wiry Sal"; the Vokes family of musicians and actors; E. J. Odell, "Old Odell" of the Savage Club, who died only a year or two ago.

Who does not remember, too, some of the later famous acts which followed?

The Zancigs, with their famous thought-reading act, the first of its kind, began at the Alhambra and packed it night after night for many weeks. They stormed the world, afterwards.

Mlle. Charmian, the first of those naughty, naughty stage disrobing acts. Annie Abbott, the "Georgia magnet," whom the strongest man could not lift. And, later, famous acts which first met the West End at the old Alhambra: Marie Lloyd and Alfred Lester.

But the golden age of the Alhambra began in the late 'eighties, when it went over entirely to ballet, which it continued until a year or two before the war.

The corps de ballet at the Alhambra proudly claimed itself the first in Europe, as it was *in fact* the first in England.

The ballet with its gay and fragile music, its frills and perfumes was a focal point of the "naughty 'nineties" in the theatre. In the popular imagination a special aura of naughtiness enveloped the ladies of the ballet!

The truth was that they were, almost all of them, paragons of virtue. The ballet was practically a family affair. The mothers and fathers of most of the performers worked in the theatre, father as a stage hand or carpenter, mother as a dresser; and the ballet mistress was as stern and vigilant as ten mothers.

Reproduced from "The Play Pictorial"

Stars of the old brigade. Violet Loraine and George Robey as they appeared in "The Bing Boys on Broadway," one of the Alhambra triumphs

BUT it was the ballet which packed the Alhambra night after night, which commenced the theatre's vogue as a "club," a fashion which it maintained from then till the war years and the closing of the promenade.

The Alhambra promenade was a recognised meeting-place. It was the most democratic social mixture ever seen; soldiers, sailors, clerks and shop assistants all having "a high old time" together, rubbing shoulders with scions of the aristocracy, and even, on occasion, with the blood royal.

When the ballets ended in 1912 they also had added many names to the Alhambra's roll of fame.

After the ballets followed the first attempts at revue and then came the war, and the high spots of the Alhambra's career to the present generation.

Who, recalling those years, does not remember "The Bing Boys," which played all through 1916—the packed, khaki-clad audiences forgetting in this atmosphere of brightness, warmth and gaiety the long agony of the Battle of the Somme, the holocaust from which they had just emerged and to which they would soon return? . . .

Yes, when the picks of the demolition gangs cut into the old Alhambra, they will disturb a lot of memories, a lot of friendly ghosts, who if they could speak might say, "Here we enjoyed life and helped others to enjoy it, too." Which isn't such bad epitaph, after all.

With Military Pickle in the Pantry you are never at a loss. The cold meat is eaten with zest and appetite.

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MILITARY PICKLE

Of all Grocers, 10½d. & 1/6 per bottle.

If you like the Pickle you'll love the Sauce

MILITARY SAUCE

Delicious with Steaks, Fish, &c.

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containing Two finest quality White All Wool Blankets, neatly bordered, whipped ends, 66 x 83in; 7½lb pair: Two White Fleecy Blankets, whipped ends, 60 x 80in; 4lb pair: Two White Pillow Cases, 30 x 30in: One Bolster Case to match, 20 x 60in: Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets, 70 x 90in; 4lb pair: One Alhambra Quilt, 73 x 94in. Full Price 42/- Delivered for 2/6 now & 2/6 monthly Drapery Catalogue Post Free. J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

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Sketches 12

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It Stays On.
. . . Until she started to use Poudre Tokalon
2
Mary always used to have a shiny nose
3
. . . And her beauty brought her love and happiness
4
Then she became the centre of admiration

A marvellous discovery of science now enables any woman to keep her complexion fresh and lovely all day long. You can avoid the slightest trace of shine on nose and face even all through a long evening's dancing in the hottest ballroom. The ingredient which makes this amazing difference is called Mousse of Cream. The patent rights to its use have been acquired at enormous expense by Tokalon. Thus Poudre Tokalon is the only genuine Mousse of Cream face powder. That is why Poudre Tokalon gives a complexion of such clear, fresh beauty that you look years younger.

Poudre Tokalon cannot dry up the skin as many powders do — causing rough, coarse skin and often premature wrinkles. The Mousse of Cream it contains actually protects, softens and beautifies the skin. And makes the powder stay on four times as long. Neither wind nor rain can affect the wonderful natural looking beauty it gives.

With a captivating and delicate perfume — made in ten perfect shades — Poudre Tokalon is now the world's most marvellous value in face powders . . . (Introductory size 6d. Regular size 1/-.)

Get a box to-day—if you are not delighted with the results your money refunded in full.

The above pictures illustrate a simple story of a girl who used Poudre Tokalon. All you have to do to get a de luxe Beauty Outfit Free is to arrange the pictures in the right order. Put the number which is in the top left hand corner of each picture on the coupon in the order in which they should be. For instance, if you think Picture No. 3 should be first, put number 3 opposite the word 'First' on the Coupon. Put the number of the picture which follows opposite the word 'Second' on the coupon and so on. Add your name and address, cut out the Coupon and send it in with 3d. in stamps. The 3d. is to cover cost of postage, packing, etc. The Beauty Outfit itself is free. It has helped to put hundreds of women on the road to greater success in life. It will delight and surprise you.

VALUABLE PRIZE COUPON

Please send me the Special Beauty Outfit containing:

1 tube Tokalon Biocel Skinfood.
1 tube Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood.
1 box Poudre Tokalon and samples of the most popular shades.

I enclose 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc.

I prefer powder shade.....

Shades: Natural, Rachel, Rachette, Ochre, Ochre Rose, Pink, Pale Mauve, Evening Green and White.

To Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 222 W), Chase Road, London, N.W.10

The pictures should be in the following order:

FIRST No. ..... THIRD No. .....

SECOND No. ..... FOURTH No. .....

Name.....

Address.....

.....

There are hundreds of valuable Free Gifts offered in the Nestle's Gift Book. A postcard addressed to Nestle's (Gift Dept. 32/6.5.33), Silverthorne Rd., Battersea, London, S.W.8, mentioning "John Bull," will bring a Free Copy and voucher for 5 Free Coupons. This offer applies only to Gt. Britain and N. Ireland.

DRINK HOT WATER EVERY DAY

Two well-known Specialists in recent articles, both emphasised the vital importance of water for assisting the body to prevent and resist disease. To keep in good health every man and woman should drink a glass of hot water each morning on rising, but those troubled with sick headache, biliousness, bad complexion, furred tongue or general depression, should add a teaspoonful of 'Limestone' Phosphate to cleanse and purify the system and flush away from the liver and bowels the uric acid, sour fermentation and poisonous waste that collects. Sufferers from constipation, biliousness, liver disorders and minor ailments of all kinds, as well as those troubled with rheumatism or indigestion, should get a supply of 'Limestone' Phosphate, costing but two shillings from any chemist. If a little is taken daily in a glass of hot water this will prove a sure way of subduing uric acid, cleansing the liver and bowels and thus maintaining vigorous health.

WARM WEATHER WORRIES MEAN FATIGUE

When every spell of warm weather makes work a harder struggle, when your brain seems sluggish and your body unwilling, it's a sure sign that you're getting run-down.

And if you really get run-down, summer sunshine won't do much to cure you. What you need is something to reinvigorate your blood.

Just take three glasses of Wincarnis a day; the first thing you notice will be how much better you sleep. The very first night you'll sleep more soundly than you have for months. You wake refreshed and reinvigorated.

Then you will find yourself getting stronger and stronger. You will tire less easily, have more zest for work and play, be more alert, more determined.

Remember, Wincarnis is not a drug or a medicine. It is simply the purest of wine with the great added advantage of the highest grade beef and guaranteed vitamin malt extracts. Try Wincarnis to-day.

THIS YEAR'S
DERBY
provides particularly good scope for Long-Odds Commissions.

Send now for our
FUTURE EVENTS PRICE LIST.

Best Prices offered consistent with our guarantee of payment in full up to any amount.

ONE SHILLING
up to any amount may be invested by letter in accordance with rules.

Commissions bearing a time stamp up to the set time of any race will be on at Full Starting Price or Tote Returns as desired.

NO LIMIT—WIN OR PLACE. WINNINGS BY RETURN.

10 agents THE BIG TWO Send direct
DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD
227 BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C2.

When my PRAYER was ANSWERED

"I offered a prayer of my own . . ."

AFTER years of suffering, our financial resources were absolutely drained when I was informed that a specialist's treatment was absolutely necessary.

Although I had no idea from where the fee was to come, I fixed an appointment, and took my trouble to God in prayer.

The next day a member of our church, having heard of my trouble, called to ask if I would allow her to pay all expenses. She told me that she had felt a definite call from God to be instrumental through Him in helping in our time of need.—*A. L., Lancs.*

Needed Guide

I was living in Wales and went to a village across the mountain. Returning home at night, I was caught in a blizzard. I lost my way, was nearly frozen, and in desperation knelt down and prayed.

Presently I felt something lick my hand. I stooped down; it was a dog. He moved forward, I following, holding his ear.

Eventually we reached the foot of the mountain. I was alone; the dog had disappeared. But my prayer was answered. —*A. S., Plymouth.*

"No" Best

Three years ago I prayed that I might be successful in being accepted for an important position. I was rejected and felt that my prayer was unanswered.

To-day I am quite differently placed and have much greater prospects because of this apparent initial failure.

At the time I considered that my prayer had not been answered, failing to realise that a "No" is as much an answer as a "Yes." Now I thank God for that day when my prayer was answered His way and not mine.—*Student, London University.*

In Father's Footsteps

Having one son, and I myself a lay preacher, I often wondered, when he accompanied me as a boy to one of my appointments, if the day would come when we would set out together to take separate appointments, and this often became a subject of my prayer.

Imagine my joy when that prayer was answered last week, as we set out together to different churches in the same circuit, he to preach in one and I in another.—*W. T., Penarth.*

Ever Near

I felt the loss of my mother terribly. When she died, I prayed that she "would never be far away from me and would help me by her higher powers."

I pray thus every night, and am intensely conscious of her presence and influence day by day.

It is a comforting and uplifting experience, and convinces me beyond any doubt that love conquers all things, even death. —*E. W., Gateshead.*

At the End

After my mother's death, I was left alone with my father. He had a stroke, and as I was told he might have another, I always expected to have him brought back dead. Night after night I prayed, "Please let me be beside dad when he dies."

Reluctantly he retired from business, and he had been home only a few days when he had pneumonia, and except for his nurse I was the only one in the house when he died. My hand was in his when he drew his last breath.—*L. H., Tulse Hill.*

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach us by first post Tuesday, May 16.

The Best Pet—and Why.

Of Use

I was a spinster, living alone. Although my income was sufficient for my needs, life seemed empty. "If only I could be of use to somebody," I prayed.

Having tea with friends a few days later, my hostess said, "How would you like to look after two motherless children?"

It was the very thing for which I had craved. Shortly after, I accepted the post of housekeeper to a perfect gentleman, with two of the bonniest children imaginable.—*M. N., Stockwell, Hants.*

Ended Suspense

My doctor found it necessary to examine me for chest trouble. My biggest horror is of tuberculosis, so imagine my feelings when I was told I would have to be X-rayed.

For a week I hardly slept, fear and suspense playing havoc with my brain. I prayed every night that it was not true.

Then came the day I should know the result. My doctor gave me the X-ray photograph, with the words "No sign of T.B. disease."—*R. T., Brixton.*

Her Own

Having been taught to pra
little girl, my childish mind re
hasty remarks of my father, w
short temper, towards my moth
the sweetest women.

One night after prayers I o
of my own in a whisper. It wa
God send me a good husban
grow up." As I grew older I ad
make me worthy of him."

I can now look back upon tw
years of married bliss, so that
was surely answered.—*C. A. B.,*

Hope Renewed

Workless, hopeless and de
decided on a life of crime. In
ness I thought a church offer
fitting start.

Entering an empty church,
turbed by someone approachin
trance, and I slipped into a pew
tended to be praying. A pri
to the altar and knelt in praye

Then the enormity of my re
whelmed me. I prayed for
and help, and left the church
exalted. Two days later I
which I have held ever since.—

Only Two

It was a stormy night and m
had gone out in the lifeboat.
was on the rocks. All prese
beach were praying as only
can pray, just a humble sma
words, hardly intelligible.

I had never been very reli
had never learnt to pray, but I
"Amen."

After hours of seemingly hop
ing the boat came back. I
breath. There were only two
and one of them was my
K. W., London.

Speeded Up

My son, sitting for an import
ination with a three-hour tim
a subject he knew well, dr
being able to win through, s
his weakest point.

At home I glanced at the
thought, "4.25, J. must be
it, with thirty-five minutes t
dropped on my knees to pray

Later, he told me that wh
worked out only two-thirds of
sary quota he saw it was 4.25 a
he was done for, but to his j
prise finished in time. He p
honours.—*R. L. M., Belfast.*

* * *

Having a comfortable home
son, daughter-in-law, also a
grandson, a widow's prayer is
E. L., Birmingham.

My husband being a miner
midnight, the last thing I do b
to sleep is to pray that he may
home. Thank God, my prayer
been answered.—*M. S., Durham*

Every day I pray just the a
band's prayer—for health for
strength for himself to mainta
everyday necessities, and cont
work to enable him to prov
"A Plodder," Liverpool.

Saying "In our weakness, v
Thee for strength," whilst
anæsthetic for an operation, s
turned and I recovered.—*Mrs.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

More Code Winners

THE Code selections continue to uphold the truth of the couplet, originated when first I wrote these notes—"Our two-a-day keep the bookies at bay."

Invercannie recommenced the good work at Hurst Park, while Fonab (Victoria Cup, 5 to 1) and Malaya (evens) were the selections given the following day.

Truncheon (100 to 30) came up the first day at Chester, and was followed by Mandritsara (third, 10 to 1, in the Cup) and Hevusina (won, 8 to 1).

When writing my notes last week, prior to Chester, and suggesting that Hyperion might be one to be on at Epsom, I did not know that the colt was to contest the Vase on the Roodeye.

Not many Derby celebrities have contested this event. Papyrus won both races. Sandwich won at Chester and was desperately unlucky at Epsom.

Woolwinder scored on the Roodeye and just failed to beat Orby in the Derby.

A horse that can act all round the Chester bends should be equally at home on Epsom Downs, and if all goes well with Hyperion he will carry a little of my money later on this month.

The Gatwick executive will stage two excellent programmes this week-end. At the moment I like Straight Larch and Mereworth at the first stage, and Roman II and Quillon for the Saturday "double," but I may have to revert to the Code for last-minute information.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, May 11, to Wednesday, May 17.

P U X Z R 98 T F O A Q C 93 B 94 M
V Y 97 L W N 96 G S K H J I 95 E D

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

95Y98JQ would read BUNCH.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. DK982KD94KM would read MANNAMEAD.

"You can't all be away together"

"SOMEONE MUST TAKE THEIR HOLIDAYS EARLY, but there's no hardship in that.

"Just think of the Glories of Somerset, Devon or the Cornish Riviera in Spring and early Summer? You must have seen pictures in the newspapers during past months of bathing at these places, even in mid-Winter.

"What must they be like in May and June, easily the best months for holidays in the lovely West Country?

"You'll get longer days, maximum sunshine, cheaper accommodation, trains won't be crowded, and you can enjoy your tennis or other sport amidst the finest scenery in England.

"This year sees the introduction of the most generous Cheap Ticket arrangements ever afforded by the Great Western Railway. 'Summer Tickets' at a single fare and a third for the double journey are now issued by any train any day between principal towns, cities, seaside and inland resorts, and you may return upon any day within a calendar month. I should advise you to lose no time in writing or telephoning the nearest G.W.R. Station or Ticket Office for information.

"At the same time get the G.W.R. 'Holiday Haunts' Guide, which will give you 8,000 'Where to Stay' Addresses and full particulars of more than 700 Holiday Resorts. It is on sale everywhere at 6d.

"A Holiday in Somerset, Devon or Cornwall will be the cheapest and best you have ever spent."

GWR

NO MORE HARD WASHDAYS

ISN'T NEW RINSO MARVELLOUS?
I COULDN'T FACE WASHDAY WITHOUT IT! NO MATTER HOW DIRTY CLOTHES ARE- IT SOAKS THEM CLEAN.
SO GRAND TO HAVE WHITES COME OUT LIKE SNOW.
NEW RINSO'S THE BEST EVER FOR BOILING. NO HARD RUBBING, THANK GOODNESS!
I LOVE THE WAY IT CARES FOR MY WOOLLENS AND COLOURED THINGS
YES— NEW RINSO MAKES SUCH RICH LATHER. AND EVERYTHING FINISHED SO EARLY!

SNOWY WASHES NOW

"I find New Rinso really economical — less than a packet does the whole of my wash — and usually it's very big. I like the nice way it leaves my hands too. New Rinso's taken all the drudgery out of washday," says Mrs. M. A. ROYCROFT, 214 Carr Road, Walthamstow, London, E.

◆ ◆ ◆

NEW RINSO —

best for Boiling as well as for Soaking and Washing

3½d. 6d. 10d.

Hundreds more women — in the town where you live — will be washing the New Rinso way next Monday morning.

In every part of the country thousands of thoughtful housewives are starting to do all their wash with New Rinso. They are so delighted they tell all their friends about it — so the news spreads — and the numbers using New Rinso grow!

Whiter washes than they've ever had before — easier washdays too. *Of course* women who turn to New Rinso never use anything else afterwards!

Do *your* next wash with New Rinso — have the snowiest clothes you can imagine! Ask your grocer or dealer for New Rinso.

R. S. HUDSON LTD., LIVERPOOL, WEST BROMWICH AND LONDON

2870-71

SKIN DISEASES

Marvellous Results of New Blood Treatment.

The New Elasto Treatment is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, Piles, and other Diseases of the Skin and Circulatory System.

It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly and the most effective treatment ever devised.

Send for Free Sample

Elasto treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day, Now! Or send 5/- for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

The NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY, Ltd. (Dept. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

RHEUMATISM AND STOMACH TROUBLE

Mrs. Scarisbrick, 48, Hinds Street, Elton, Bury, Lancs., writes: "I was suffering from Rheumatism and Stomach Trouble for eight months. A friend asked me to take Vitadatio. When I had taken my third bottle, I began to pick up, and now I can walk about as well as anyone although I am 73 years of age."

Send for Free Book of Testimonials.

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Eczema, Boils, and in many Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, most Chemists and Stores, 2/- and 5/- per bottle or per post, 6d. extra in United Kingdom, from VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS. V161

GRAVES DRESSES YOU WELL AT VERY SMALL COST

Lovely Frocks, Costumes, Coats, Gowns, Sports Wear, &c., in latest styles & materials at money-saving prices on Easy Terms. Write to-day for full display of styles and Patterns Post Free. Unrivalled value also in Furs, Underwear, Young Ladies' Girls' and Infants' Clothing.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

GRAVES SUITS ARE GOOD AND SAVE YOU MONEY

Grand Suits at 42/-, 49/-, 59/-, 63/-, 79/- & 94/-. Delivered new, payment from 5/- monthly. Any cloth and any style you wish. Lovely Suitings in attractive fashionable cloths at money-saving prices. Correct fit and full satisfaction guaranteed. Write for Full Range of Patterns Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

CHOOSE YOUR GIANT X-WORD PRIZE!

Four "Crossword Gazette" readers qualified for £5 Bonus with prizes won in Competition No. 209. Register yourself on Coupon provided.

THE enormous sum of over £22,000 in Crossword prizes has already been won this year by solvers of our amusing problems—here is another which will certainly entertain you and may well put the huge sum of £1,250 cash into your pocket.

If you prefer a big cheque with a Life Pension to follow, your choice can be a £500 payment, followed by £100 a year for life. And remember, in addition to this splendid First Prize, the substantial sum of £200 is to be divided among the Runners-up as announced.

This fine contest closes at noon on Thursday, May 18, and your entry must be in by that time. Why not add a share of £50 to any prize you win by registering for the free weekly aid of our "Crossword Gazette" by that date? Your Bonus Coupon heads this page.

QUALIFY WITH THIS BONUS COUPON

A big Extra Bonus of £50 will be divided among the winners of any prize in Crossword No. 213 provided that by Thursday, May 18, they have registered as readers of "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette."

Entrants registered for "Sutton" Bulletin, with which "Gazette" is enclosed, are already qualified and must not re-register.

I enclose 6d. P.O. No. ..... crossed "& Co." and payable to "John Bull," covering postage on 12 weekly issues of the new free weekly "Crossword Gazette."

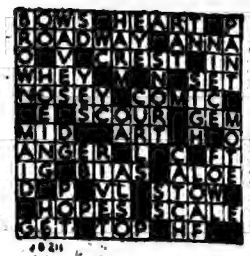
NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

POST TO-DAY TO "CROSSWORD GAZETTE" DEPT. 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2. Do not enclose with Crossword entry.

OVER £600 in extra Bonuses is being paid to "Crossword Gazette" readers who won in Contest No. 210.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £100 a year and £500 cash (or a lump sum of £1,250 cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 25, 1933, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 1, 1933.

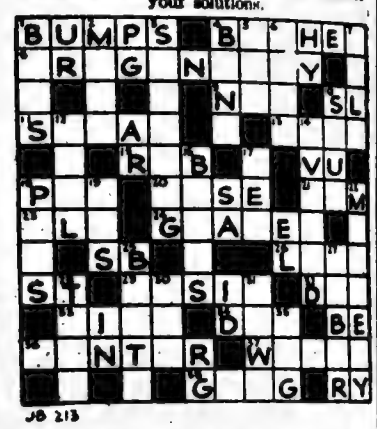


Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 211

Winners in 210 on page 14. Result of 211 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 211 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW.

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.

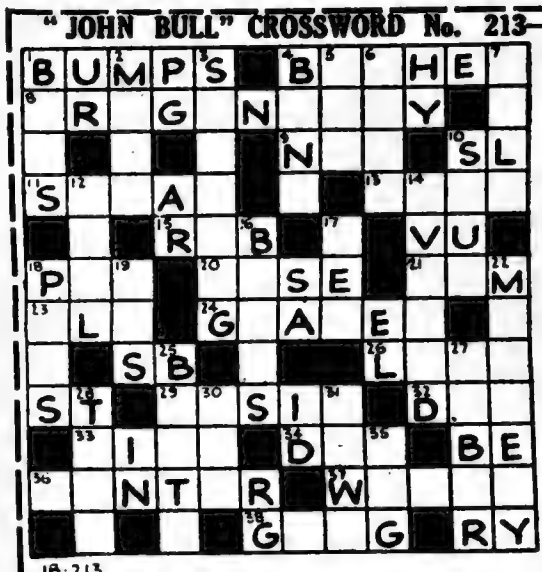

JB 213

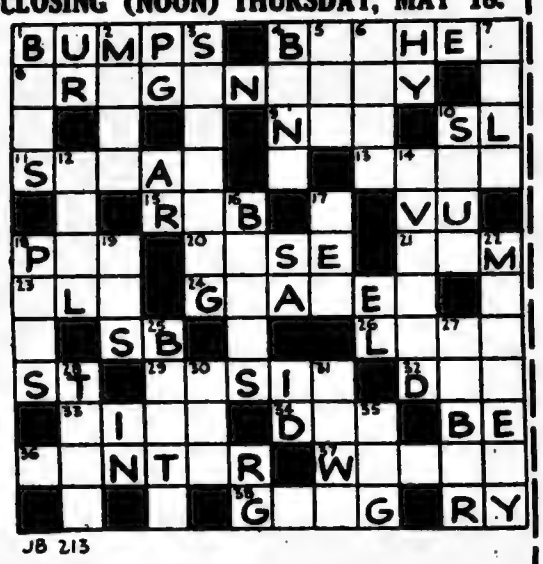
JB 213

JB 213

JB 213

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 213—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MAY 18.


JB 213


JB 213

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose P.O. value..... No. .....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

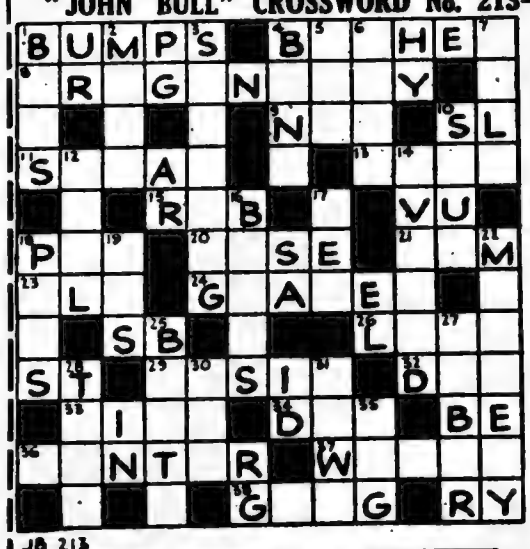
ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

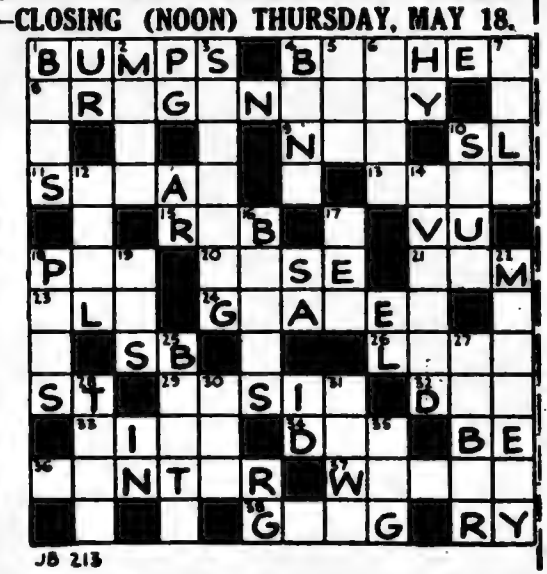
SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 213—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MAY 18.


JB 213


JB 213

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value..... No. .....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY— "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 213, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

If entering two Double Entry Forms cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Phrenologist reads these
4. Beaten severely
8. In the very first place
9. Indicates maiden name
11. Sons of toil do this
13. Water is pumped from
15. Adam lost one
18. Taximen do, for hire
20. Father's makes her sniff
21. Provide with weapons
23. Now permitted in America
24. What dog did to bone
26. Opposite of "more"
29. Welcomed by desert traveller
32. Tiny mark
33. Disturbance of the peace
34. It falls from heaven
36. Appeals to crowd at street-corner meeting
37. Often goes in drink
38. Seen at boxing match

CLUES DOWN

1. Godsend to unemployed man
2. Doesn't worry hiker
3. Royal Commissions do a lot of this
4. That's where the big drum comes in
5. Same again as 23 across
6. Killed
7. Describes an unintelligent woman
10. Slight reproach
12. To break down a strong one is difficult
14. Avoided artfully
16. Stock is enriched by
17. Modern girl likes her clothes to be this
18. Show friendship
19. Her answer, he hopes
22. Gives woman the upper hand over man
25. What gave burglar away
27. Not given to drunkenness
28. Butcher uses on delivery round
30. Hungry man did, eagerly
31. Stitched
35. Signifies dog's pleased

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, May 18, 1933.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 1, 1933. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, June 13, 1933, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £1,250 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

ENTRY FEE.
With 2 squares send Postal Order for 6d.
With 4 squares send P.O. for one shilling.
See Rule 1.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

The Editor AUGHS AST

If you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

ADAMSON and the Changeling

P. M. (Dover).—"What's the latest in men's clothes?" Girls.

E. M. J. (Dewsbury).—"I've been setting a trap for the wife." Got mice?

Mrs. C. (Brecon).—"A thing of beauty is a joy—" Until the fashion changes.

DOLLY (Leeds).—"How long does a man wait before he proposes?" As long as he has any sense left.

CLERGYMAN (Bow).—"Men always reap what they sow." Unless they happen to be amateur gardeners.

M. A. (Lincoln).—"I could never marry anyone less intelligent than myself." That would, of course, be impossible.

G. T. (Streatham).—"Do you think I would enjoy a holiday at Machynlleth, near Aberystwyth?" It's hard to say.

M. G. (Chiswick).—"Policemen are now being taught to act as firemen." They will soon be arresting the flames.

V. H. (Brixton).—"I dare you to publish this in big print in your paper." THIS.

Miss C. (Southend).—"I am marrying an X-ray specialist." Could nobody else see anything in you?

E. R. (Yarmouth).—"I am thinking of taking in boarders this summer." Well, you have got the right idea.

N. W. (Bury).—"Face powder may catch a man." But it's baking powder that keeps him.

J. M. (Rhodesia).—"Houses here are twenty miles apart." Then you can really call your lawn mower your own.

Miss R. O. (Winchester).—"He went on his knees before me and begged me to make up my mind." And did you decide to buy the shoes?

MODERN GIRL (Leicester).—"We are not so black as we are painted." At least you are honest enough to admit that you are painted.

T. M. (Portobello).—"Isn't it about time we dropped all those stupid jokes about late home-coming husbands?" Let them lie in peace?

DOCTOR (Llandudno).—"It is a wise plan to get up from every meal still feeling hungry." At many seaside boarding-houses you have no option.

B. W. J. (Catford).—"I have discovered by experimenting that a person's looks are affected by what they eat." Don't you get rather tired of cabbage?

Mrs. L. (Buralem).—"I am always wondering how my daughter is going to turn out." Many mothers keep on wondering when their daughters are going to turn in.

D. N. (Bournemouth).—"The dentist talked cricket the whole time I was in the chair." Till stumps were drawn.

W. D. (London, S.W.).—"A well-known cross-country runner has become a bookmaker." It's usually the other way round.

E. W. J. (Kendal).—"When I gave the recitation my audience was complimentary." Wouldn't he pay to come in?

D. J. (Sudbury).—"Their fast bowler adopted the leg-theory, but that meant nothing to me." Did any of the others get out for a duck, too?

MIMICO (London, W.).—"Some diseases transfer themselves from one part of the body to another." As in the case of a man with a swelled head becoming too big for his shoes.

ATHLETE (Aylesbury).—"I cleared a six-foot hedge recently." What of—weeds?

D. E. (York).—"There are two sides to every matrimonial dispute." And quite often three.

D. N. (London, S.W.).—"I have written a jazz composition called 'Those Flu Blues.'" It should be catching.

G. N. (London, S.).—"All the four brothers went bankrupt." A family failing.

P. V. (Neasden).—"I was once a traveller in perambulators." So were most of us.

D. N. (Fulham).—"A good mixer is always popular." Especially if it's cocktails he's mixing.

M. D. (Clacton).—"I'm the biggest business man in my district." Try what slimming exercises will do.

Mrs. R. L. (Blackpool).—"My maid left me without reason." You probably had none when she came.

H. K. (Dolgelley).—"If you had your way, what would you reduce the income-tax by?" To-morrow.

J. A. M. (Lanark).—"My fiancé is a chess-player and seems very unemotional." He won't be easily "moved."

P. M. (Brighton).—"I like to read poetry when sunbathing on the beach." Ranging from Browning to Burns, we suppose?

A. N. (Reading).—"I often sit and think for hours about nothing of importance." You should take your thoughts off yourself.

L. A. (Braintree).—"I felt like a sheep when staying at a luxurious hotel." Because you knew that you were being fleeced?

JESSIE (Torquay).—"I'm the happiest girl in the world. I am marrying the man I want." That is nothing to marrying the man somebody else wants.

F. T. (Louth).—"A man recently smoked 150 cigarettes without pausing." The man who invited him round for the evening will probably hide the box another time.

ANGLER (Chertsey).—"I never saw such a fish." We don't suppose you did.

C. H. T. P. (Leytonstone).—"Herewith my poem on daffodils." Herewith your poem on daffodils.

J. M. (Fort William).—"He is a wise man who knows a woman's age." But pretends he doesn't.

T. R. (Chester).—"Nothing annoys a waiter more than a very small tip." Nothing annoys him more.

M. D. (Bognor).—"Not enough people realise that the sun is Nature's doctor." It never dawns on them.

J. W. (Westcliff).—"Every man who marries sacrifices 50 per cent. of his personal liberty." You optimist!

W. N. (Slough).—"The fellow said that he hoped that he would never see me again." Was he a magistrate?

L. J. I. (Dulwich).—"Extreme cleverness is a disease." Still, it is some consolation to know that you have always been fit.

H. S. (Leeds).—"I have spent pounds in vain on courses to make me tall." And they have made you short?

Miss W. (Chelsea).—"What ought I to get with £10,000 I shall inherit soon?" Scores of proposals.

R. L. (Cambridge).—"My wife has been making cutting remarks lately." In reference to the lawn?

S. C. (Oxford).—"My special new camera cost me a couple of hundred." Coupons?

C. R. (Buntingford).—"A person with a good make of car is always sought after." By the instalment man?

G. M. (Purley).—"You can't solve social problems with a bomb." But it provides a certain amount of uplift.

PUZZLED (Ampthill).—"I know twin sisters. One is dark, but the other a blonde. Who could possibly explain that?" A chemist.

W. G. (Edinburgh).—"I have taken up boxing, wrestling and ju-jitsu." You should soon be very successful at getting your coat and hat out of a theatre cloakroom.

J. C. C. (Colchester).—"Can you tell me exactly what is a paradox?" Yes—there's a good example overleaf. First we offer you £600 to put you on your feet; then we offer a week's free motoring to take you off them.

WEATHER EXPERT (London, W.).—"Sunshine and fog are both on their way to this country." It will be just our luck if the sunshine goes and loses its way in the fog.

L. G. A. (Woolwich).—"I don't know how many drinks I had, but when I got indoors I seemed to be able to see through the walls." That's the worst of entering by the conservatory.

T. J. (Mayfair).—"Many Society women are buying their evening frocks by instalments." And they seem to be wearing them the same way.

D. W. (Conway).—"My garden is simply bursting with foliage." And very soon the slugs will be doing the same thing with it too.

G. H. (Clare).—"Some men are so clever that they even make money out of a failure." Yes, there are plenty of bankrupts like that.

R. K. (Perth).—"H.M. Stationery Office has just issued a Blue Book on gas." But who reads reports of Parliamentary speeches nowadays?

D. F. (Glasgow).—"A serum has been discovered that compels people to remain wide-awake for long periods." We understand that exhaustive tests have been carried out on jobbing gardeners, plumbers, Government officials and other notoriously difficult cases.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

CORNS

Pain Stops in Ten Seconds

In ten seconds all pain will be gone! In two days the entire corn can be lifted out whole! So quick and sure is the action of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads (with the Medicated Disks included in every packet for obstinate corns). These thin, safe pads end the cause of corns—shoe pressure.

Special sizes for Corns, Callouses, Corns-between-Toes, and Bunions. From all Dr. Scholl Depots, Chemists, Shoe Stores—per packet 1/3d.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Banish all RHEUMATISM

Rheumatism of every kind quickly yields to URACE Brand Tablets, because they dissolve the deadly uric acid that causes the pain, and drive it from the system.

URACE BRAND TABLETS

1/3 3/- 5/- from your Chemist

WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE to Urace Laboratories, Dept. 53, 33, Bunner Street, London, E.C.1

GOUT
CRAMP
BACKACHE
SCIATICA
NEURALGIA
NERVE PAINS
KIDNEY TROUBLES
INFLUENZA
LUMBAGO
Etc. Etc.

More Big Prizes Won Again last week

IN "JOHN BULL" COMPETITIONS

THE PAPER WHOSE READERS HAVE WON THE FIRST PRIZE IN "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD 4 WEEKS RUNNING!

THANKS TO "THE LEADER"!

THIS WEEK'S "JOHN BULL" £1,250 CROSSWORD IS SOLVED FOR YOU IN "THE LEADER"

ALL current newspaper competitions are solved in this week's issue of THE LEADER. In many cases you will also find further squares which you may use for additional entries.

The Leader 2D

SOLD EVERYWHERE

BUY YOUR COPY TO-DAY!

When a better job was going . . Hart got it

When Hart's employer wanted a new foreman he at once thought of Hart. He had always taken more notice of Hart than of the other men. Hart was always so much more alert looking than they — always so well shaved morning after morning. His chin was never scrubby like the other shave-with-ordinary-soap men. And it was plain he never missed his daily shave. Trust him not to—he uses Lever's Easy Shaving Stick. That means he gets the quickest, most comfortable shave possible—gets it a hundred times over for only sixpence. For that's all his Lever's Easy costs him. Why not try it yourself? Its creamy lather instantly softens the beard—enables a cool, close shave to be quickly obtained. That's the kind of shave that may mean a better job for *you*!

If you don't pass a dealer's shop on your way to work see that your Lever's Easy is on the household shopping list.

100 shaves for 6d

A LEVER PRODUCT E 224-172-6!

How this City Worker Got on the Track of £500

Success due to "Bullets" Bulletin

LAST week we told how a Dundee lorry driver steered his way to the top of our *Bullets* prize-list. This week it is a City worker whose few words written on a coupon have lifted him to the ranks of First Prize-winners.

In each case, we learn with interest, the winning entry might never have been made but for a wife's assistance.

The lorry driver's wife helped him to make his First Prize *Bullet*. And it was whilst he was ill in bed that Mr. E. Greig, 101, River Avenue, Palmers Green, was introduced to competitions by his wife. She brought home some papers to amuse him—and soon he was enjoying a weekly tussle with *Bullets*.

Mr. Greig's eleventh attempt was made in Competition No. 889. He thought out the ingenious and well-phrased effort, FEARSOME BEAST—IN TO-DAY'S "JUNGLE," TO-MORROW? And a First Prize of £500 has now banished any fears of to-morrow!

"At first I simply could not get the hang of *Bullets*," he told JOHN BULL'S representative, "so I ordered *Bullets Bulletin* to see what it was all about. Most emphatically I say that without its aid I would never have reached the top.

"In reading the first number of the *Bulletin*," continued Mr. Greig, "I saw that there was more in *Bullets* than I thought. The first lesson it taught me was to study the winners in JOHN BULL and pay close attention to their various styles.

"I then discovered amongst the 'Ideas To Avoid' several choice puns which I had intended entering!

"That made me decide to give up trying to make *Bullets* out of ready-made puns and try to be more original. A couple of 'Target' prizes, followed by a half-crown, showed me I was on the right track.

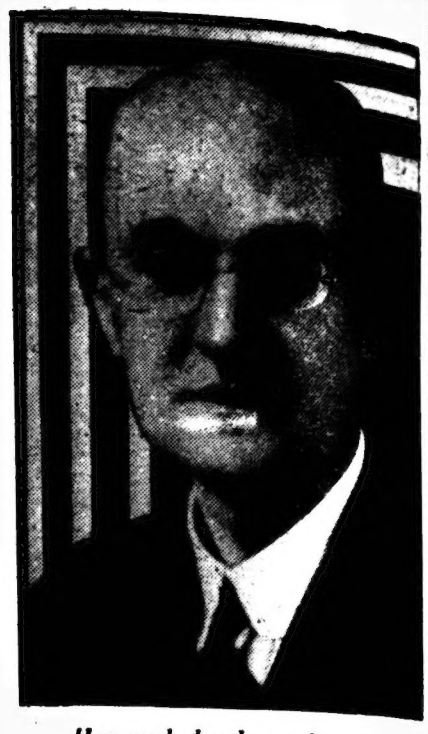
"Then I picked up another invaluable tip from the *Bulletin*—to study each word of an *Example* separately. That really led to my First Prize *Bullet*.

"Taking the *Example* FEARSOME BEAST, I first jotted down 'menagerie' and other words connected with animals. Then I considered the word 'fearsome,' and almost unconsciously thought of my favourite quotation — 'To-day is that to-morrow which you dreaded yesterday — and it didn't happen, did it?' After that it was plain sailing.

"*Bullets* have been a great source of amusement to my wife as well as to me. I spend at least two nights a week on them, sitting in what I call my 'inspiration chair.'

"I always read my completed efforts to my wife—and if she says they are no good, I scrap them.

"When ideas are slow in coming," continued Mr. Greig, "I just take up JOHN BULL, and by the time I've read through the winning *Bullets* I feel in just the right mood to make some myself."



How much does he owe his wife?

The winner describes himself as "just one—and there are thousands like me—who travels regularly to the City every morning, and regularly home again every evening, leading the ordinary quiet life of the average man.

An annual two weeks' holiday will soon be due for Mr. and Mrs. Greig—and what a holiday they will have this year! With a cheque for £500 in the bank they can enjoy the happiest fortnight by the sea which they have ever known.

A bigger cheque than that received by Mr. Greig, however, is waiting for the sender of the best *Bullet* in this week's contest.

Somebody is going to win the fine sum of £600, with an added award of a Free Week's Motoring this summer at JOHN BULL'S expense. And notice also, in the fine one-week prize-list on the opposite page, that three other winners of substantial cheques are also to enjoy limousine luxury for seven glorious days this summer.

Be quick with your entry if you want to be in this *Bullets* "Big Four"!

1-2-3!

Though *Bullets* Record First in Competition No. 888 was won by a reader not registered for our free weekly *Bullets Bulletin*, *all three* big winners in Competition No. 889 attribute their success to its constructive hints.

On the opposite page is a coupon with which to secure a supply of this unique 3-in-1 guide to the prize-list—post it off to-night!

BOTHERED WITH ECZEMA 5 YEARS

On Arms, Neck and Head. Healed by Cuticura.

"Eczema started with a rash and itching and went on like that for some time. Then it came out in dry patches that scaled over, and the irritation was unbearable at times. The eruptions were inflamed and I could not rest when I got warm. It was on my arms, neck and head and bothered me for five years.

"I sent for free samples of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and they helped me. I purchased more and in about six months I was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. S. Sanders, Drakes Farm, Chittlehamholt, Nr. Umberleigh, Devon, Eng., Dec. 29, 1931.

For all purposes of the toilet and bath, Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum are excellent.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s., 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charter Ho., London, E.C. 1.

Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

PILES!

You Can End Dreadful Pain and Weakness Now

Don't neglect pile trouble. It may lead to the need for a serious operation. You can end the pain, the awful nerve-destroying irritation, the down-dragging weakness by getting a supply of Man Zan and using it for a few days regularly.

Man Zan is an antiseptic, cooling, soothing and quick-healing salve that stops irritation, reduces inflammation and ends blind, bleeding, internal or external piles for ever.

This special remedy is sold by chemists everywhere, in tubes with special nozzle applicator, making it easy to use. From chemists everywhere, price 3/-, or post paid, in plain wrapper, if remittance sent direct to manufacturers E. C. De Witt & Co. Ltd., Croydon, Surrey.

MANZAN

Brand PILE REMEDY

Constipation—De Witts Brand Little Laxaliver Pills will end this trouble quickly

PRIZES VALUE OVER £1,200 WON THIS WEEK

FIRST PRIZE OF 500 GUINEAS, COMPETITION No. 890.

Mr. W. A. ADAMS, Claremont Grove, Woodhouse Square, Leeds.

Example:—BE CAREFUL, HITLER
Bullet:—CAUSE SUFFERS, CAUSING SUFFERINGS!
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. W. H. BOX, 1, Hindon Grove, Gospel Farm Road, Acocks Green, Birmingham.
Example:—Backwards And Forwards
Bullet:—Fate's Pendulum—Kick! Sock!

THIRD PRIZE OF £40:

Mr. R. CESSON, Exchange, Victoria Barracks, Belfast.
Example:—Whale Of A Job
Bullet:—Arose—"Spouter" Went Under.

5 PRIZES OF £10 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE:

Miss I. PALMER, 44, Western Road, Hove, Sussex.
Helps Me—Support Geneva, His Crutch.

E. SENIOR, 98, Opie Street, Liverpool.
Helps Me—"Balance" Myself, "The Book."

G. STANSBY, 88, Chapel Street, Levenshulme, Manchester.
Be Careful, Hitler—Folly To Bully Solly!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Mrs. THOMLINSON, Copmanthorpe, York.
Going Through Hell—Not Again—Nothing Gained.

G. R. WILSON, 355, Grovehill Road, Beverley, E. Yorks.
Setting The Pace—Cupid—Settee, The Place.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE:

C. E. BARNACLE, 121, Newbold Road, Rugby.
Going Through Hell—Devil Whispered "Way Out."
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

M. BUCKLEY, 140, Heaton Road, Bradford.
Gives Me A Pain—Wife's "Oo!" Outside Shop.

A. P. COLLETT, Hollesley, Woodbridge, Suffolk.
With A Hollow Laugh — Villain Hides Heroine's Hiccoughs.

C. COOKSON, "Bron-ta," Preston Old Road, Blackpool.
Shows It's Love—His "Parting" Takes Longer.

E. R. DAVID, "Hillsboro," Manor Way, Whitchurch, Cardiff.
Disturbing The House—Wife—Spider Inspired Her!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

S. J. DUKE, 50, Neath Road, Resolven, S. Wales.
This Old World—Gases Formed—"Gas" Destroying.

P. HALEY, 13, Skiddaw Avenue, Maryport, Cumberland.
Thanks To Uncle—"Tying Knot," I'm Forgotten.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

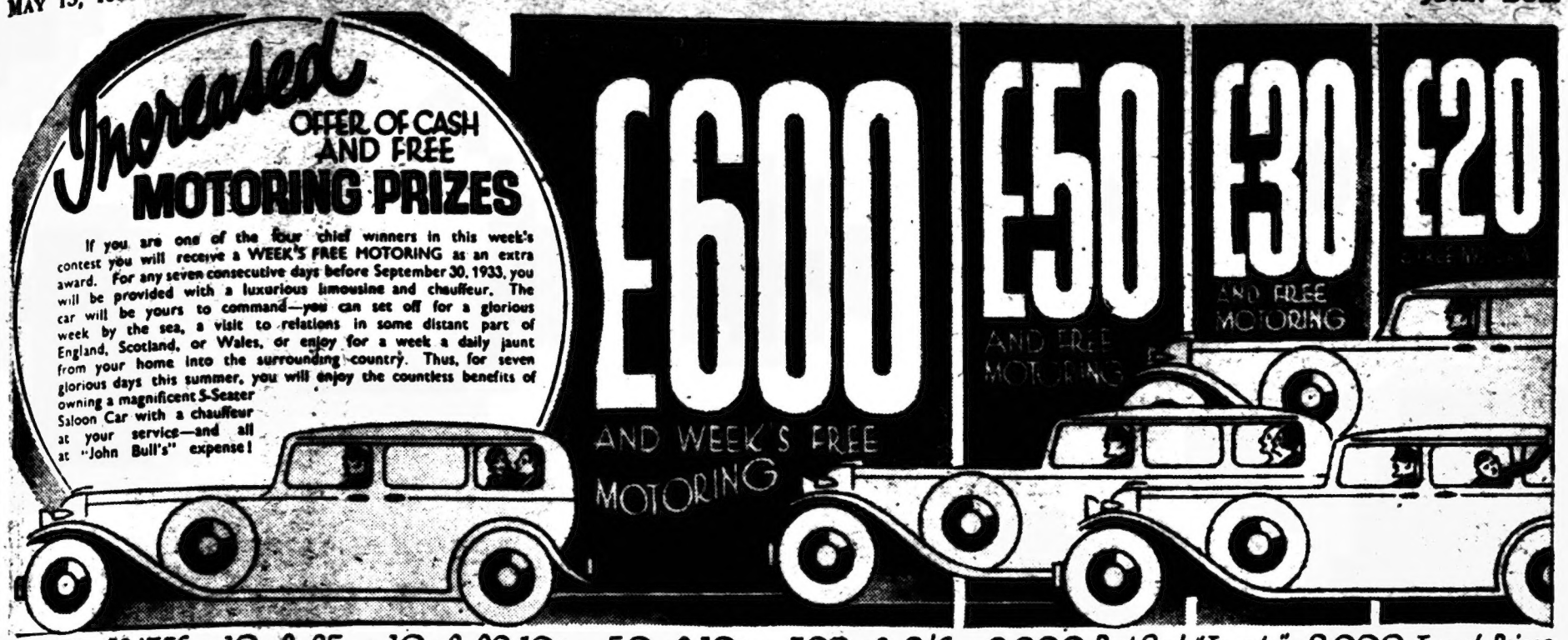
H. SAUNDERS, 64, Ockendon Road, Islington, N.
Backwards And Forwards — Roller — Then Father's "Flat."

D. SPENCE, 77, Rogers Road, Dagenham.
Shock For Her—Later, *Clove* And Kisses.

A. WINDSOR, 35, Hr. Earam, Blackburn.
In Pieces—Everything—Except Puppy's Biscuits!

A list of 25 £1 and 500 2s. 6d. Winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.


Increased
OFFER OF CASH AND FREE
MOTORING PRIZES
If you are one of the four chief winners in this week's contest you will receive a WEEK'S FREE MOTORING as an extra award. For any seven consecutive days before September 30, 1933, you will be provided with a luxurious limousine and chauffeur. The car will be yours to command—you can set off for a glorious week by the sea, a visit to relations in some distant part of England, Scotland, or Wales, or enjoy for a week a daily jaunt from your home into the surrounding country. Thus, for seven glorious days this summer, you will enjoy the countless benefits of owning a magnificent 5-Seater Saloon Car with a chauffeur at your service—and all at "John Bull's" expense!
£600
AND WEEK'S FREE MOTORING
£50
AND FREE MOTORING
£30
AND FREE MOTORING
£20
OTHER PRIZES · 10 of £5 · 10 of £2·10s · 50 of 10s. · 500 of 2/6 · 2,000 Red Seal "Targets" · 8,000 Target Prizes

FOUR MOTORING HOLIDAYS WAITING!

A GREATER opportunity of winning one of JOHN BULL'S startling new Cash-plus-Motoring prizes is yours in the fine one-week contest before you to-day which brings a First Prize increased to £600.

If you are amongst the four chief winners in this contest you will receive a substantial cheque on Thursday, June 8, and for seven glorious days you will have the exclusive and unrestricted use of a luxurious five-seater limousine, driven by an experienced chauffeur.

To make a *Bullet*, begin by reading over the *Examples* on this page, marking those which most appeal to you as the basis for some pointed comment of TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS linked up neatly with the chosen *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, you selected the *Example* WITHOUT A MASTER; by adding the words KEEPS "MY SHIP" DRIFTING you would complete a typical *Bullet*. Before you start on the *Examples*, however, we urge you to absorb the good points of the winning *Bullets* printed on the opposite page. Then start on your own efforts, and see that your entry is in by Saturday, May 20.

ADD 2, 3 OR 4 WORDS TO ANY OF THESE "EXAMPLES"

HITTING BRITAIN	FATHER'S MONEY
SAID TO THE NURSE	HER ULTIMATUM
WITHOUT A MASTER	HARD T SAY
AT THE TOP OF THE FORM	LOSING GAME
HELP THE BOSS AND	THE RIGHT IDEA
SELDOM CONSIDERED	SHADY SPOT
DEAD TO THE WORLD	OUR FRIENDS
AT THE PLUMBER'S WEDDING	ENCOURAGING
IN THE SCRAMBLE	THE BOATMAN
MOCKERY OF JUSTICE	CHANGED MAN
BREATH OF FRESH AIR	MEANS A LOT
HOLIDAYS ARE COMING, SO	WEARING THIN
CARRIED UNANIMOUSLY	THOUSANDS
HIGH AND MIGHTY	AUTOMATICALLY
BREAD AND SKILLY	TO SAVE TIME
WHAT I'M WORKING FOR	GOOD SAMARITAN

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 894 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £600 awarded to the First Prize-winner in No. 889 will be displayed in the window of Mr. F. W. Shearman, 229, Whittington Road, Bowes Park, London, N.

THIS COUPON BRINGS FREE 3-IN-1 HELP!

TO the practical aid of *Bullets Bulletin* many competitors owe a huge success. Register for a free 12 weeks' supply by posting this coupon to-day and make sure of securing the greatly enlarged 3-in-1 issue, incorporating *Passing Show's Couplets Courier* and *John Bull's Crossword Gazette*.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "& Co.," payable to JOHN BULL) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 36, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2.

(Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets" entry.)

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(894) Closing SAT., May 20 | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(894) Closing SAT., May 20 | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR Words.

Enter full name and address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(894) Closing SAT., May 20 | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(894) Closing SAT., May 20 | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

Jot down below the rough ideas which may lead to a big prize!

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 894, "John Bull," Long Acre, London W.C.2 (Comp.)

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of Entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

PRIZES VALUE OVER £1,100 IN NEXT WEEK'S STILL BIGGER CASH AND MOTORING OFFER

Free Yourself of Rupture Without Pain, Operation or Loss of Time

FOR the benefit of our readers we take pleasure in publishing the Brooks offer to save all who are ruptured from wearing trusses and other painful makeshifts that do not cure.

The Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., gladly sends this remarkable Appliance ON TRIAL to any part of the world to prove that it holds the rupture back, keeps it in place, prevents it coming down or slipping out, and finally cures it entirely.

NO man or woman ever can look and feel his or her best while suffering the torment, pain and discomfort of rupture.

Every day that you suffer from rupture—every hour of truss torture that you endure—after you read this page is *your own fault.*

For many years we have been telling you that no truss will ever help you. We have told you about the harm trusses are doing. We have told you that the only truly comfortable, sanitary and scientific device for holding rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

Now we offer to prove it to you entirely at our risk. We will send you a Brooks Rupture Appliance *on trial*—no matter where you live. If you really want to be rid of your rupture, fill in the coupon below and post it to-day.

Many thousands of our Overseas customers have already been successfully treated in this way. Distance is no handicap. Brooks branches and sales agencies are everywhere. For your convenience a list of our Overseas depots is given below. Use one of these addresses if you wish.

Within an hour after you receive the Brooks Appliance, if you take advantage of this remarkable trial offer, you will throw away your truss for ever.

Wherever you Live—Satisfaction is Equally Certain

If you find it more convenient to call at (or write to) one of our Overseas Branches listed below, please do so. You will have the same complete assurance of satisfaction as if you were treated from our London or Manchester offices.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself of rupture over 30 years ago, and patented the Appliance from his personal experience. If ruptured, write to-day.

Men, Women and Children Find the Brooks Appliance Equally Effective.

No matter if your rupture is old and severe, or only recently developed, no matter if you are young or old, you should not fail to profit by this *No-Risk Trial Offer.*

No other rupture support, truss, device, pad, or plaster is offered to the public under so broad a guarantee of satisfaction.

If for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep the Brooks Appliance after you try it, send it back. You do not have to give any reason. There will be no question or quibble. There will be no argument, no dispute, or misunderstanding.

Ten Reasons Why You Should Accept This Offer

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance embodying the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air-cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike ordinary so-called pads it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. Nothing to get foul; it can be washed without any injury.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All materials are the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
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A23